ENGLISH REVIEW

1/-
MONTHLY

APRIL 1931

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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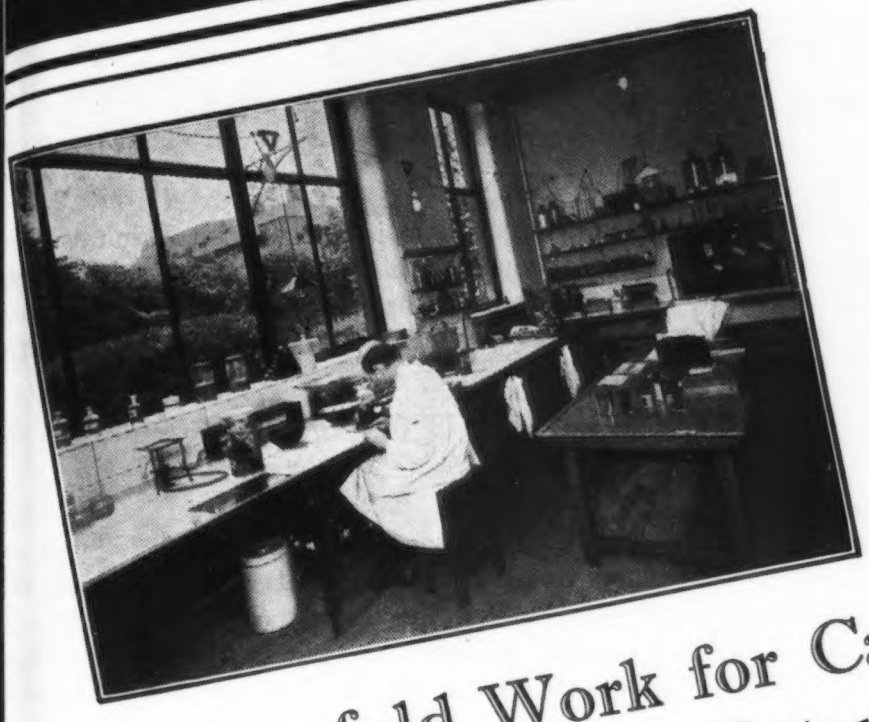

A Corner of one of the Laboratories.

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

MANY are excited today over the prospect of luck in the big Irish Hospitals Derby Sweep. Despite official bans by other countries, it seems probable that this Sweep will be the largest on record, eclipsing all Calcutta Sweep figures. In fact, the Calcutta looks as if it will be, at least in this part of the world, quite submerged by the Sweep in Dublin.

Sweeps

For there is no gainsaying the fact that peer and commoner, town man and peasant, are all eager about the venture.

* * * *

How long the public interest will last in Sweeps is another matter. Some say they will die a natural death soon. But the Calcutta has lasted many years, and until the "big muddle" of the draw occurred last year with the inability of a large section of the public to know what their numbers were before it took place, it enjoyed a world-wide celebrity. Undoubtedly, the Irish authorities are running their Sweeps well and systematically. A very big machinery of labour has been installed. The employees number nearly 3,000, and every opportunity is given to the Press and public to investigate the working of the scheme. I write of what I have actually seen.

Well organized

* * * *

I WAS most courteously shown over the whole building at Headquarters, and received a complete explanation of the details of the procedure followed in dealing with applications for tickets and the receipt of the counterfoils. So elaborate and yet thorough is the system that there is not a chance for a counterfoil to be missed. Each counterfoil goes through half a dozen departments, where it is checked, indexed, and a complete history made of its antecedents, seller, purchaser, *nom de plume* and address. Auditors examine all cash receipts and check against the cash the number of counterfoils, and this hand-checking is further verified through an ingenious machine to obviate any possibility of human error.

The System

* * * *

FINALLY the counterfoils are packed in small columns and placed in white linen bags, kept in a steel strong-room. So admirable is the organization that anyone who has a ticket and has sent in the payment and obtained the official receipt can, if he or she so desire, go to these Headquarters and within five minutes be furnished with a complete history of the transaction and, I believe, see the actual counterfoil in the strong-room. It is this fair method of dealing that has undoubtedly won great support for the Sweep.

Steel Strong-Room

* * * *

I AM told the postal cordon is now being drawn pretty tight to catch the remit-

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ters of money from this country and that a special staff of Scotland Yard is in charge. But as the methods of circumventing the postal detectives are many and varied, the Cordon's activities cannot be really efficacious. Hundreds of people go over to Dublin and purchase their tickets there or get a friend who is going over to do so for them. But if every letter sent to Ireland was to be opened and censored, a large extra staff of post-office officials would have to be employed, and angry protest would be made if private letters were interfered with. The one and only way to clip the wings of the Irish Sweep is to have one here. Then Irish money would be attracted to England and the large amounts now being sent daily to the Free State would be greatly reduced in volume. Incidentally, I hear that British soldiers in the various Commands at home and abroad and the canny Scots of Glasgow are very big purchasers. I met in Dublin one very well-known Glasgow industrialist with a very large draft for his friends and staff.

Postal Cordon

* * * *

ONLY Lord Irwin actually knows the value of Mr. Gandhi's promises, and those who trust the Viceroy must also rely on Mr. Gandhi to carry out his side of the bargain. I had a long letter on the subject from one of our distinguished generals in India, in which he expressed his belief that, if Gandhi could not carry out the compact, he would "resign and retire into absolute seclusion." But he added that he was extremely doubtful whether the inclusion of the Congress in the Round Table Conference would be of any value. Rather, it would "militate against success and tend to break it up, because of the presence of the extreme doctrinaires of complete independence."

The Agreement with Gandhi

And unless the Congress was a consenting party to any final arrangement, he did not see "the slightest hope of a Hindu-Moslem pact of communal peace."

* * * *

THE road across the Kajuri Plain, south-west of Peshawar, designed to prevent a repetition of the attack on the British lines last summer, has now been practically completed. Block-houses are being built at strategic points and

A Defensive Road special bridging equipment has been made for the Bara river and other streams and ravines. On this work depends the general situation on the North-West Frontier, for it is from April onwards through the summer that the tribesmen are really troublesome.

* * * *

ONE important effect of the Gandhi compact will be seen this summer if the Afridis desist from their hostilities. If not, then as far as the Frontier is concerned the Gandhi agreement will be quite futile. My information is that the "young reds" are far redder than Gandhi and only too glad to override his orders when it suits them.

Gandhi and the Frontier

* * * *

NEVERTHELESS, when the report of the last six months' work on the Frontier defences is out—for the purpose, as it has been well put, of "opening up roads for civilization"—it will be found that some excellent results have been attained. Over 10,000 soldiers, British and Indian, have been engaged and a large number of engineers. Meanwhile, the Afridi has constantly shown his displeasure, one or twice to our cost in men and material, but he has not been able to prevent the roads and forts from being made. He is gradually, it is hoped, learning wisdom.

A Good Report

* * * *

I SAW in Ireland a number of pheasant farms, and this is the month when it is necessary to add eggs from a game farm to replenish the stock. At one time these Irish game-farms were most successful ventures and the fact that they are springing up again is proof that the countryside is quiet. Pheasant-rearing is not easy, as the young birds need great care in correct feeding. The pheasant is a sybarite. He takes hard-boiled eggs, crumbs, lettuce leaves, eggs of meadow ants, but no water, not even the dew off the grass, when he is very young. In the second month he lives on eggs of the wood-ant, earwigs, woodlice, wheat, barley, ground beans, and seeds out of the heads of white clover (these are excellent), with plenty of dry sand to tumble and rub in and clear water frequently.

Rearing Pheasants

* * * *

GROUSE now begin to lay this month, and there will be many keen eyes on the moors to note the nests, which are often on the bare ground or on a few mosses and a little heather scraped together in the soil, sheltered by a bush. All the heather burning should be over by the end of the month or there is danger of serious loss. But it is the black game that are so interesting a spectacle. They are polygamous, and during these early months of the year their plumage has become a glossy steel-blue and their carriage is proud. The birds are feathered warriors and know it. Pluming their wings, expanding their tails, murmuring love-calls, they choose some turf enclosure of a former sheep-fold, or a grassy pasture at high elevation, and here the battles with rivals are staged.

Grouse and Black Game

* * * *

I HAVE watched them on the Cairngorms for hours, strutting and inflating their

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throats and necks. The female birds crowd round. But after mating black game have no parental interests. They take no more notice of their young than the farm-yard cock does. The peculiar flavour in their flesh is due to their winter food of fir-shoots and the catkins of hazel and birch. The epicure appreciates this.

Mating and After.

* * * *

THE blow to the O.T.C. which the Government proposes to deliver after April 1 is one that may be short-lived, for Conservatives will restore both the Cadet Corps and the O.T.C. to their former status directly they are in power again. Still the lack of recognition to those under 15 will mean that many units will be woefully reduced, for no wearing of official uniform, bearing of arms or instruction therein can be allowed to any who are not recognized by the War Office. The withholding of the grant from boys between 15 and 16 means that the parents will have an extra financial burden thrust upon them.

O.T.C. Cut

* * * *

EVER since the War the O.T.C. has been responsible for well over 1,000 commissions annually in the Regular Army, Territorial Force and the Supplementary Reserve. And now, when the Regular Army is short of over 300 officers and the Territorial of 1,221, one of the chief sources of obtaining them is drastically curtailed.

Starving the Commissioned Ranks

THE object of this most illogical and impractical action is purely Socialistic. The present Secretary of State freely acknowledges his desire to see a very large number of soldiers in the ranks raised to a higher grade. He desires to follow the Soviet model and not the British. The grant of a limited number of commissions from the ranks is understandable and even necessary, but it can be overdone, and that tendency is now apparent.

The Object

* * * *

I AM glad to hear that the old Lansdown Cricket Club at Bath is to be revived under its old name. It was formed in 1825 and disbanded in 1921. Its successor, the New Lansdown Club, is to revert to the old name. "W.G." and his brothers, and a host of good cricketers belonged to the Club. I can recall their Secretary, one of the kindliest and most charming of men, the late W. S. M. Goodenough, who did yeoman service for years for the Club. I heard "W.G." swear there more than on any other ground. His annoyance at being dismissed in a Club game was blatant. Lansdown was an aristocrat among Cricket Clubs and had a fine record for cricketing parsons and squires. The Club once played on the ground in the city of Bath where now the L.M.S. railway station is built, but for a number of years after used a ground at Combe Park, between Upper and Lower Weston. The colours of the Club were sky-blue, black and white, and at one time top-hats were always worn in the field.

Famous Cricket Club

* * * *

THE King and Queen, who are to visit Aldershot in May, will go there when the Avenue leading from the Royal Pavilion to the town is bright with chestnut blossoms. Soldiers and their families are always glad of the Royal visit—this is the third since 1924—for their Majesties never fail to look in at the married quarters to see if everything possible is done for their welfare. The King likes informal visits, in which he can watch the men both at work and play.

Royal Visit to Aldershot

* * * *

ALDERSHOT is always delighted to see Their Majesties. It has sprung up from a few hundreds in the time of the Crimea to nearly 40,000 to-day. When the King and Queen attend the "Soldiers' Church," All Saints, more than half the population turn out to greet them. The King in pre-war days spent hours daily in the saddle during his visits there. He will not naturally ride so much now, but he will fully occupy every day in visiting units, schools, hospitals, and watching demonstrations of the new mechanized formations. One night during the visit, Royal Retreat will be played by the massed bands of the two Divisions.

The Aldershot Greeting

* * * *

IF duelling were still in vogue in England, St. George's By-Election would have furnished many opportunities for leading politicians to meet one another in

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Write to Secretary, Dept. E.R., for "The Settler's Guide."

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199, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Cure for Press Abuses

Hyde Park, Regent's Park, or the privacy of Richmond Park. But I have serious doubts whether the journalist would be ready to turn duellist. It is one thing to write abusively about people, knowing that duelling is illegal, but quite another if there be any danger of being called out "with pistols for two and coffee for one." Clubmen are seriously beginning to believe that the best cure for vulgar and malicious abuse in the Press would be the re-introduction of duelling on a recognized scale for political blackmail. It would certainly reduce the orgy of what Matthew Arnold called "Thyestean Claptrap."

* * * *

The Trout Rod and the Bootmaker

WARMER days in April will bring many trout to the surface after their winter "siesta" at the bottom of the water. Moorland streams on a warm April day, with a light heart plying a light rod bring back many happy memories of Exmoor, Dartmoor, North Wales, Wexford and the West of Ireland. I have still a rod—a hybrid of its kind—half a Hardy and half an Alcock—that I regard as without its peer for lightness and strength. It came to me on the lawn of a small bootmaker's house outside Oxford, a man who specialized in rods rather than in boots. What an eye he had for the right type of rod, whether for salmon, trout or Thames fishing! His methods were unique in sizing and fitting. He had a small but very select body of customers, for the outside world never dreamt what went on behind his little bootshop on the lawn sloping down to the river where his customers tried the rods. He was a great sportsman and a rare type of working man.

Correspondence

Uniforms: What Soldiers Want.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I beg to offer a few remarks on Major J. B. Paget's letter, "Uniforms: What Soldiers Want," in your February number.

First, the head-dress. I can imagine nothing smarter or more warlike than the steel helmet as worn now by every army in Europe except our own. Burnished and with the regimental badge it would go very well with red full-dress—if this should ever be issued again. This steel helmet could be painted khaki for field service. As regards this traditional uniform of the British Army, might not the remark of the Kaiser to Lord Roberts when the latter, at some German manœuvres, was criticizing the visibility of the Prussian blue uniform of the German Army as compared with the British khaki apply? "My soldiers would rather die in the Blue of Frederick the Great than live in your d——d khaki!"

So, if the khaki was good enough for the British Old Contemptibles and New Armies to die in, it is good enough for them to live in! Anyhow, if the Army must yield to the wishes of tailors and military milliners—though the latter type of superior officer is less in evidence nowadays—let the soldier have a first issue of a really smart red tunic, such as the Foot Guards wear, and then let him keep it up for the rest of his service at his own expense. This uniform, of course, would only be worn on special occasions—Sunday church parade, reviews, and walking out, etc. I am sure the soldier would very willingly keep it up. For ordinary duties—guards, drills, training, etc.—nothing could be more suitable than the khaki, and the soldier should have two suits of this, one for all rough work, such as fatigues and for field training. As for rolling about on the ground and digging trenches, etc., any rough and old uniform is really best, and it would be very economical to have this plan, as the rough work uniform could last a long time.

I notice a tendency nowadays to cut the soldier's khaki too close and make it too tight-fitting; this should not be allowed. Personally, I am of opinion that khaki drill, as worn in India, would be more suitable than the thick woollen stuff of which the Home Service uniforms are made, *provided* that it is made roomy so as to allow of sufficient underclothing being worn in cold weather. It is less expensive and better wearing.

The soldier needs a cape of light waterproof to come down to his waist and to cover all his equipment and pack.

The overcoat is excellent for cold, dry weather, but when it gets soaked with rain, becomes very heavy and difficult to dry; and in any case it is hardly needed by the soldier even in England from June 1 to September 1, when the waterproof cape would meet all ordinary occasions.

As regards the shako, this is far too Gallic-looking an article and gives no

TODAY AND TOMORROW

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protection to the back of the head in rain. The old black infantry helmet copied from the German Pickethaube was better. As regards the cap, the present peaked shape cannot be improved on, unless it be given a waterproof cover.

Yours, etc.,

JEWAN SINGH.

East India United Service Club,
St. James's Square, S.W.

African Women as Chattels?

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The interesting paper entitled "Kenya, a few Reflections," in your March number appears to call for a word or two of comment. The writer is evidently actuated by the best intentions, and no doubt is quite accurate in recording the facts of her experience or, rather, the impressions conveyed to her by that experience. Yet, in common with many quite honest observers at first hand, she has failed to grasp more than the superficial aspects of African life. To say that "the principle of complete ownership by purchase of a wife is so firmly embedded in the black man's philosophy of life that he cannot understand or believe in the white man's methods of free choice and affection" is manifestly untrue. Such statements are inspired by the almost universal misunderstanding

of such an institution as the "dowry" or "bride-price" (Zulu, *lobolo*, but every Bantu tribe has its own name for it), which no native ever considers in the light of an ordinary transaction of purchase and sale. As Mr. R. C. Samuelson (an old resident in Natal) says, "The payment was considered as a solatium to the parents for losing the services of their daughter and for bearing and bringing her up, while girls considered it a disgrace not to be *lobola'd*." Indeed, in some of its aspects, it is akin to a marriage settlement, for, should the wife have a legitimate cause for divorce, and return to her parents, the husband cannot claim the return of the *lobolo*. It is true that *European legislation*, by treating the matter as a commercial bargain, has tended to make it so. The Rev. Edwin W. Smith, in a recent lecture at the London School of Economics, expressed himself in the same sense: "African women particularly revolted against the suggestion that they were bought and sold like cattle. They cling to the custom, regarding *lobolo* as English women regard their marriage lines." Another basis for misunderstanding is the fact that agriculture is chiefly, or solely, in many tribes, in the hands of the women, because it has been, from time immemorial, their own special domain, the men being occupied in hunting, trading journeys, or in war; but the alleged permanent state of intertribal war previous to European intervention has been much exaggerated. There would be much to say on this subject, but I must not trespass unduly on your space.

At the same time, with the opening up of the continent and the development of European enterprise, it is not surprising that old customs should be breaking down, and social conditions tend to a state of chaos. In particular, when the able-bodied men are taken away *en masse* for mining or plantation work, the women at home will be more heavily burdened. And it is possible that some natives, influenced by the white man's misunderstanding of their own institutions, have tended to look on their women as chattels and treat them accordingly. I have no direct knowledge of the local conditions described by the "Wife of a Settler." But I venture to think that she has drawn her deductions from insufficient data.

Yours, etc.,
A. WERNER.

"Anaphora" and "Repetition"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In his very kind notice of my new life of Christina Rossetti your reviewer seems gently to rebuke me for failing to realize that "anaphora" and "repetition" are synonyms. Of course they are! But while anaphora is always repetition, I suggest that repetition is not always anaphora.

Strictly speaking, I think the word "anaphora" should be used to describe only repetitions *in sequence*, such as Lear's "Never, never, never, never," or Mascarille's "*Au voleur, au voleur, au voleur, au voleur*," the word "repetition" being reserved for such recurrences of phrase and image as those in Christina Rossetti's sonnet *Remember me*, Emily Brontë's *Remembrance*, Thomas Lovell Beddoes's *How many times do I love thee, dear?* and dozens of lyrics equally well known.

Yours, etc.,
DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

21, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
APRIL, 1931.

Current Comments

THE most striking feature of the Westminster election is that a candidate forced to endure the support of the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* should yet have polled over 11,000 votes. The vileness of the newspaper campaign against Mr. Duff Cooper has received a well-merited castigation in all quarters. It is foolish, however, to shut our eyes to the fact that, as far as the result was concerned, it defeated its object. Every one met voter after voter on the day of the poll who was on his way to register his vote not in support of Mr. Baldwin, but against Lord Rothermere's press campaign. Had the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* pleaded Sir Ernest Petter's cause with the moderation and decency with which, for instance, the *Daily Telegraph* supported Mr. Duff Cooper, Sir Ernest Petter's poll would undoubtedly have been larger, not smaller, and Mr. Duff Cooper would not have been able to rely on a substantial number of Liberal and Labour votes.

The Westminster Election

WE must, however, keep clear in our minds the distinction between the need for condemning the vileness of a particular newspaper campaign and the absurd claims put forward (no doubt only in the heat of the election) that there is something improper in a newspaper as such supporting an independent candidate. A still more absurd claim was that it was unconstitutional for the party leadership to be challenged at a by-election. This is the exact contrary of the truth. For obvious practical reasons the party leadership can never be an issue at a general election. By-elections have always been—since the days of Wilkes—the recognized method by which popular feeling on particular issues, whether personal or political, is tested and made effective. Quite obviously the leader of a party cannot be elected by plebiscite, and, once properly elected by the proper

Good and bad press Campaigns

machinery, he must be supported. But, equally obviously, the people have rights which are superior to those of the party machine, and to deny that the electors are entitled to express their dissatisfaction with the official Conservative policy otherwise than by voting Liberal or Labour is fantastic.

Press and Party

THE issues raised by the St. George's by-election go far deeper than is realized. It was possibly good tactics, as far as this election was concerned, for the official opposition to urge that the issue was a personal one. The cry of press dictatorship was, as election cries go, a telling one. But that is not all, or indeed any great part, of what matters. The claim of the party to choose its own leader is indefeasible, and the attempt of newspaper proprietors as individuals to dictate that choice is improper. But it is equally certain that the right of the electors to displace political leaders is inherent in the democratic system. It is mere impertinence to suggest that, so long as we have a democratic system, it is anything but proper for groups of electors to nominate and support any candidate they choose. It is equally impertinent to suggest that rich men, as such, are doing anything dishonourable in supporting with their personal energies and fortunes such independent candidates. The safeguard against frivolous candidates is provided by the law which imposes on them a financial penalty, and it may well be that this safeguard should be strengthened. It is, however, no part of the complaint against what are known as the Beaverbrook candidates that they were frivolous in this sense. The complaint was precisely the opposite. The real complaint was that they were too popular. Since this complaint could not be urged, it became necessary to suggest that some kind of illicit and improper influence was being brought to bear.

The real Case against the Press Lords

As far as quantity is concerned, there was no case. The whole of the press with the exception of two morning and two evening newspapers was ranged solidly behind Mr. Duff Cooper, and it is a gross libel on this section of the press to suggest that this preponderance of opinion

did not in fact give a definite advantage to the official Conservative candidate. It was different at Islington, when Liberal and Labour candidates were in the field, but even so the official Conservative candidate enjoyed the support of *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Morning Post*. In any case, what right has the leader of the Conservative party to dictate the policy of independent organs of opinion, two of which, incidentally, are owned by a Peer who, we are continually reminded, is a Liberal? Let us be honest about the issue, as far as it concerns the Press Lords and the politicians. The complaint is not that newspapers have no right to be independent, but that in these particular cases the owners of the papers are animated by personal grievances and that they pursue their political enemies by methods which are shocking not because they involve the use of newspapers for political propaganda, but because they appeal to the lower rather than the higher instincts of their readers. What is to be done with a system of politics, we are asked, where rich men waging a personal vendetta can, if they happen to lack self-restraint, influence elections by these methods?

The Truth of the Matter

LET us say first that it is no more possible to impute motives fairly to Press Lords than to politicians. Every man of the world knows that personal prejudices do, in all walks of life, exacerbate and magnify differences of opinion. We must leave it at that. The problem must be considered, and can only be considered, on the basis that the policies advocated by newspapers are, on the whole, advocated on their merits and out of a sincere purpose. Does this mean that the problem ceases to exist? Far from it. It is a genuine and serious problem, for the present system gives to business men engaged in a particular branch of commerce a disproportionate political influence. The extent of this influence is grossly exaggerated, and it is exercised on all sides. A press tied to a party is on the whole a graver evil than an independent press tied to an erratic proprietor. The problem, however, remains, whatever our political views. What is the solution?

WE repeat that it is not tolerable to suggest that the problem is rightly solved by limiting the area of choice of the electors to candidates nominated by the party machines. In the days before the war this was, in fact, what happened, because in those days the independent popular press had not taken to politics as a plaything. The situation then was no doubt satisfactory to the politicians, but it was highly unsatisfactory to the public, who in effect had to swallow the principles of their leaders wholesale or vote against them, for a candidate whose principles they wholly rejected. We see, however, no real difficulty in solving the problem by means which will prevent either of the two abuses of the present system. The solution lies in the democratization of the party machinery. The independent press can run as many candidates as they like, but their chances of doing so with success disappear immediately the party machinery is sufficiently democratic to ensure that the leader is in step with the party. If the rank and file of the party had been able to make their opinion felt within the party, they would not be voting in large numbers against the party today. To this extent we agree with the official view that the recent by-elections are a challenge to the party leadership. The challenge, however, comes not from the press, but from the constituencies. No amount of enthusiasm, of expenditure, or of vulgarity could have led to the present revolt. This revolt is due to a definite determination of a large section of the party to insist on a strongly Conservative policy, and to the feeling which exists that without external pressure such a policy will not be pursued.

The Rights of Electors must be Preserved

WHAT of the practicalities? Sir Malcolm Robertson's letter in *The Times* of 17 March calls attention to one of the difficulties. He complained that while rate and tax collectors learnt of his return to this country and of his address actually before he had moved into his house, no political agent had ever approached him and that he was still without information as to whether he had a vote, and if so, where and when. The blunt fact is

The Practical Remedy

that our existing party machinery has never been adapted to the new franchise. With constituencies of 50,000 or more, it is impossible to allow the choice of candidates to be left to a close unelected corporation whose composition and address are unknown to nine members of the party out of ten. I myself have been living in a Conservative constituency for five years. Although entitled to a vote, I am not on the register, and I have enquired at intervals as to the headquarters of the Conservative party within the constituency without result. No one knows, and, to be candid, nobody cares. Although I know at least three practised and able speakers and writers of considerable reputation who live in the constituency and are strong Conservatives (and there are very many more whom I do not know), they have never been asked even to attend a political meeting. This kind of thing is going on all over the country, and is at its worst in the big urban constituencies. This is the soil in which Beaverbrook candidates flourish, and, unless things are changed, will continue to flourish.

Dictatorship or Free Elections ?

THERE are those who will say that they do not believe in democracy, and that it is disingenuous for a strongly Conservative paper such as THE ENGLISH REVIEW to invoke the democratic principle as an argument. To these there are three good answers. The first is that if we are to have a dictatorship, it must be a dictatorship of principle, not of an unelected and irresponsible party machine. The second is that we do not want a dictatorship. The third is that the English people have no intention of having a dictatorship. Why the public are revolting against Parliamentarianism is precisely because they are democratic and Parliamentarianism is not. People can be roughly divided into two classes; those who prefer efficiency to freedom, and those who prefer freedom to efficiency: Parliamentary government in its present form is not efficient and yet contrives under a cloak of high-sounding formulæ to prevent the man in the street from making his opinion felt. The problem can, as we have said, be easily solved. We feel sure that the Conservative leaders desire to solve it. If, however,

we are mistaken, there is no more to be said, and we must leave the press to solve it for them. But we feel, as strongly as Mr. Baldwin himself, that this alternative is disastrous.

The Condition of Leadership

The first essential to vigorous political action is resolute leadership. This in turn demands that the leader should be in a position of unassailable authority. Nothing must be done to weaken in any way the power of the party leader. What must be done is to ensure that he is in a real sense the nominee of the party and thus that he has a real and not a merely rhetorical call on their loyalty. To this end it is necessary to have a vigorous publicity directed to ensuring that all voters on the register who are Conservative are approached, advised and organized to that end. By all means let the Party leader lay down the policy. All that we demand is that he shall first be in reality and not merely in name chosen by the party. Once this condition is fulfilled, "Independent" candidates will challenge the leader's authority in vain.

The Nation and the Franchise

We make no excuse for dealing at length with what is at first sight a domestic question for the Conservative party to solve for itself. The same problem really exists in relation to the nation as a whole and the politicians as a whole. Indeed, we attribute much of the support given to the independent candidates at recent elections to the disgust of the electors with the political system as a whole. Politics to-day are organized on too large a scale for any individual effort to count. The essential link between the electorate and the government—the individual member of Parliament—has ceased to function. No one knows him by sight, and only a fraction of the electorate have even voted for him. A significant exception is provided by those industrial constituencies where the local trade union organizations dominate local politics. Here the member of Parliament is really, and not merely nominally, a representative. Where, however, there is no predominant interest, no real community of feeling, representation, to be effective,

demands that the constituency shall be sufficiently small and compact not only for the candidate to be known to the electors but for the electors to be known to each other. This suggests that some system of electoral colleges, for which constituencies should be limited to a maximum of, say, 1,500 electors, may prove to be an essential modification of the present system. There are many objections to such a scheme, and a good few practical difficulties. But if there is a real desire to re-vivify our representative system, they can be overcome.

The B.B.C. Propaganda

A USEFUL debate in the House of Lords failed to elicit from Lord Gainford any effective defence of the B.B.C. against the charge of propaganda. It is not clear, however, that the charge was well formulated. Unless the B.B.C. is to refrain from any comment on current events, and is, in fact, to be debarred from touching on any serious subject, you cannot avoid propaganda. A critic shows his bias not in what he says about the books he criticizes, but in the books he selects for criticism. So with everything, even down to the news bulletin. When you come to foreign affairs, it is absurd to claim that political colour can be kept out of any weekly commentary. Mr. Vernon Bartlett, I am sure, tries to be impartial, but he does not succeed, because his mind works in a certain way which leads him inevitably to certain judgments as to the relative importance of topics, countries, and policies. The remedy, we are sure, lies in frank and official propaganda and in the discontinuance of the semi-official B.B.C. commentaries on public affairs. It would be far more interesting, as well as far more honest, to have, let us say, a Soviet survey of international affairs, followed by a fascist survey, a continental-clerical survey, a liberal-anti-clerical survey, an English conservative survey, a League-of-nations survey, and a liberal-imperialist survey, than to have Mr. Vernon Bartlett trying for seven weeks in succession to conceal his own views and failing at least every other week.

Unfortunately, under the present direction, when a symposium of this kind is arranged, it is grossly overweighted in one direction. The B.B.C. idea of a sym-

posium of international affairs would be to collect three popular writers of Liberal or Socialist views, three "experts" with roughly similar views, one Liberal and one Labour politician, and at the very most two Conservatives, one of whom would in that case be a representative of the Conservative left wing. This is propaganda of the most insidious kind.

Writers and Talkers

THE usual defence of this is that, by a remarkable coincidence, most prominent thinkers *are* on the left wing in politics. As we have said before, this is not a coincidence at all; it is precisely what is to be expected. The mistake comes in supposing that, because a man is not prominent as a professional writer or talker, he is therefore not to be reckoned as a thinker. Yet the history of the world is largely the history of men who expressed their thoughts in action, and their thoughts are quite as profound as those of publicists or novelists, because their experience of life is not only broader, but deeper. It would be far more entertaining, as well as far more educative, if we were sometimes allowed to listen from 2 LO to the voice of the practical man, who has just as much right as Mr. Wells, Mr. Bertrand Russell, Dean Inge, Sir Oliver Lodge or Sir James Jeans, to talk about fundamental problems. Incidentally, they would, many of them, talk at least as well, even in the narrowest, technical sense of the term. One of the chief troubles of our age is the vicious circle of publicity. Writers, by exercising their profession, acquire "news-value." Practical men, by doing the same, lose it. The only apparent exceptions are the politicians, who, however, are not in these days practical men at all, but impresarios of other people's policies. In this connection it may well be necessary to reconsider the rule that public servants must not express their views in public. Obviously, Foreign Office officials cannot write articles on foreign policy, or sailors on the active list on naval policy. It is, however, a very grave difficulty, in these days when the press is all powerful, that the voice of experienced public servants and administrators is never heard until they have become, by retirement, out of touch with the situation. The result is that

our public opinion is formed largely by amateurs in government, who are experts only in the manipulation of views.

India

THE Indian situation remains grave. Such, at least, is the view outside Printing House Square, where a tranquil complacency, broken only by occasional outbursts of feminine hysteria, is the order of the day. We deplore the action of Lord Rothermere in trying to make India an election issue. These matters must be put to the proof, but at a suitable time and place, and nothing but harm can result from the use of the name of one of the Indian political leaders with whom, whether we like it or not, we have got to discuss and consult, as a scarecrow for pessimists and alarmists. It is necessary to remember that nations are judged as much by their behaviour as by their declared policies. We have nothing to "negotiate" about in India, and nothing to be frightened of. If our rule in that land of mixed races and religions were not acceptable, it would have ended; and when it ceases to be acceptable, it will end. We have ruled India with the consent of the inhabitants, and it is because those who wish us to leave India do not represent the effective majority that the authority of the Imperial Parliament will be preserved as the governing instrument for the discharge of our responsibilities.

The Limits of Consultation

WE have, as a matter of mere prudence, to consult and to discuss the new machinery of our government with all the leaders of opinion in India, but we have to decide for ourselves in accordance with the facts of the case, and the responsibilities which those facts impose on us, and not in accordance with the requirements, or alleged requirements, of our domestic political situation. If it is necessary to the discharge of our duty to have a change of government, or a change in the policy of this party or that, those changes must be made. Three-party action is desirable only when all parties are united in pursuing wise ends by prudent measures. When this condition is not fulfilled, three-party action is a mere

dereliction of duty. If we are not agreed among ourselves, the situation will be more difficult, but the harm will be far less than must result from the adoption of an unwise policy aimed not at justice, but at saving the faces of professional politicians at home.

The "Yorkshire Post" and the "Times"

In this connection it is necessary to register a very strong protest against the view put forward by the Editor of the *Yorkshire Post* that because Mr. Baldwin is an electioneering asset in industrial constituencies, therefore "loyal" Conservatives must swallow his Indian policy irrespective of its merits. Empires are not governed in this way. We can well believe that Mr. Baldwin's character and judgment appeal strongly, both to employers and employed in Yorkshire, and that a majority of both would feel more confidence in a Baldwin than in, say, a Churchill administration. It is, indeed, because Mr. Baldwin represents the general Conservative and constructive opinion in industrial matters that he has the leadership of the party. But we are certainly not justified as Englishmen in doing wrong to India in order to win an election in England. If it were to be our declared policy to allow our judgment on Indian affairs to be deflected, or at least silenced, out of respect for the party chances at a hypothetical election, the Indian people would be fully justified in asking us to resign our trust at once. No worse service to Mr. Baldwin's own policy on India could be rendered than to suggest that it should be accepted for Mr. Baldwin's sake. If it were necessary, in order to do justice in India, to risk our party chances at the next election, no honourable man could do anything but face the risk. We regret that the *Times* should, by implication, have suggested the contrary.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

Deputies take to Business.—It is a pleasant change to be able to recount the fulfilment of some practical work by the Chamber of Deputies. For the past two or three months I seem to have been confined to recording plots for the bringing down of Ministries and the failure of intrigues to thrust equally unsubstantial combinations into their places. During this excessively prolonged period of Cabinet unmakings and remakings all profitable activity was virtually at a standstill, save perhaps for M. Briand, the " one still, strong man " in a quaking land. Nothing in my long recollection of French politics has ever so fitted the word " permanent " as M. Briand's occupancy of the Quai d'Orsay.

The Budget and the Demagogues.—However, throughout the past month Deputies have been able to engage in strenuous labour in the voting of the numerous clauses of the Budget and they have attacked its many problems as if they really appreciated getting back into harness after so much wasted time. The debates have consisted principally of demagogic efforts to include additional expenditure, which, if voted, would have been first-class electioneering material for the party or deputy responsible for its introduction; but this is quite the normal procedure in the Chamber.

Credit or Deficit.—There was also the familiar consequence that a Budget which came into the Chamber with a balance on the right side gradually lost its favourable appearance, as one demagogue after another engineered the voting of credits that would benefit one section or another of electors, and on the eve of the day when the Budget was due to go to the Senate, the credit balance had been turned into a deficit. The Finance Minister brusquely demanded the imposition of new taxes to bring his figures into agreement. And then the public made its voice heard. The French public is just realising that it can make its voice heard effectively through the Press sometimes—a matter in which it has been very far behind England—and this was easily the most successful instance in which the method has been

employed. Spokesmen of Chambers of Commerce, syndicates of traders and manufacturers immediately forwarded "resolutions" or "interviews" to the Paris newspapers declaring that the nation could not bear, and would not tolerate, an increase of taxation. Whereupon the Deputies found they could do without the new taxes if they made a number of economies!

The Power of the Press.—So the Budget was forwarded to the Senate with an estimated surplus of nearly £100,000 and the French public appreciated, as it had not done hitherto, the power of the Press when ably handled. It may be hoped that the lesson will not be lost, as French Deputies have obviously operated under the belief that the only claims to be considered were the vested interests represented by their immediate electors. The French public will probably note that the Budget was pushed through the Chamber without new taxes solely owing to its own intervention. And the Senate will be relieved at being spared an additional Budget conflict with the lower House. There is always a tussle with the Chamber, and the Senate is naturally more contented if it can show that the cuts it makes bring about real economies instead of merely eliminating vote-catching credits.

A Rebuff by the Senate.—The Senate, which cultivates the venerable air, is ever apt to look down on the Chamber as being little more than a mob and its scorn became acute last month over one of the side issues of the Oustric politico-financial scandal. The Commission of Inquiry set up by the Chamber wished to have the parliamentary immunity of M. Raoul Peret, former Minister of Justice, lifted so that he could be sent before the High Court for refusing to furnish information to the Commission. M. Peret being a Senator, the Senate's consent was necessary, and the Chairman of the Commission, M. Louis Marin, sent an urgent request to its President. M. Marin, the leader of the Right, is a man with many good points which he nearly always nullifies by tactless blunders.

On this occasion he ought to have forwarded his request through the President of his own House but to the slip of sending it himself he added the further "crime" of rushing it to the head of the Senate at midnight, causing M. Doumer to be wakened up. M. Doumer,

who is round about eighty, is one of those fine, old-fashioned men who pride themselves on never rising later than 5 a.m. and he was justifiably annoyed at having his early-to-bed habit badly disturbed. And the whole Senate was shocked at what it considered an outrage to the proprieties. Consequently, though the Senators had to appoint a commission to examine the request, the commission lost no time in throwing it out.

Briand's Fine Record.—Far less attention than was deserved was given to the celebration of M. Aristide Briand's silver wedding to French ministerial politics on March 14. In Britain this would have been the occasion for the bestowal of further national honours, although it would be difficult to see what would be left to give a man already wearing most of the possible decorations in recognition of his achievements. Yet in Paris the event would have passed unnoticed had not one evening paper remembered and, on sending a representative to find the Foreign Minister, discovered him quietly fishing near his farm at Cocherel, much more interested in bait than honours. But M. Briand has never been a good "publicity" man in his own interests.

His Services to Peace.—M. Briand himself would find most satisfaction in the fact that the date almost coincided with the signing of the naval accord with Italy that should pave the way to further agreements between the two Latin nations. The friction between the "Sisters" has been the greatest stumbling block in M. Briand's peace projects for some years, and it was all the more troublesome because there was no line of approach which he could safely initiate. So he heartily encouraged Mr. Henderson and, as usual, made a good bargain for France. When one looks back at M. Briand's record of office since 1906—eleven times Prime Minister, sixteen times Foreign Minister, four times Home Secretary, three times Minister of Justice and twice Minister of Education—it is astounding. And his finer work has been in his later years, since he became the warrior for peace. For these successes have been achieved while he was dependent on a majority hostile to his methods, if not to his aims, and not concealing personal distrust. That *is* diplomacy.

Democracy and Direct Taxation

By Arthur John Hubbard, M.D.

WHEN Bacon declared that natural law could only be overcome by obedience, he enunciated a general truth that applies in the sphere of economic law not less inexorably than it does in the world of nature. He might, indeed, have added that a nation can only be successful if it is willing to recognize that disobedience to economic law brings into operation powers greater than those of any Government, which proceed to exact retribution in full. Thus, it becomes extremely interesting (and even more important) to inquire into the origin and probable outcome of our present economic distress.

The most outstanding fact which strikes the student of our national economic system is that the greater part of the national income is obtained by the direct taxation of a small proportion of the population. In Great Britain there are, in round numbers, about twenty-four millions who vote, and pay no direct taxation, and two millions four hundred thousand who do both. In other words, there are 90 per cent. of the voters who feel nothing of direct taxation and ten per cent. who feel it acutely. But that is by no means the whole of the story. There is a current phrase which is pleasing to the ears of the ninety per cent. One hears it not infrequently. To this majority the ten per cent. are known as the "Privileged Classes." Meanwhile, the "Privileged Classes," by convention, or more frequently by law, are excluded from the following advantages, all of which have been secured to every member of the unprivileged:—

1. Free and ample education for all their children.
2. Widows' pensions.
3. Old-age pensions.
4. The unemployment dole.
5. Health Insurance.
6. Accident Insurance.

The aggregate expense of these advantages is enormous, and by far the greater part of it is borne by the payer of direct taxation. It is, therefore, evident that the unprivileged—those, that is, who benefit by arrangements of this character—are deeply concerned in public expenditure: from their point of view, too much cannot

be spent upon "Social Services." The vision before them is one that reveals the direct taxpayer in the character of Fortunatus, the fabulous personage who possessed a bottomless purse. The belief in the existence of these endless resources is held sincerely among those, a large fraction of the ninety per cent., who do not form the most intellectually brilliant section of the voters. Their congenital heritage of reasoning power is limited, and the preposterous nature of their conception is not obvious to them. On the contrary, it forms the basis of a genuine sense of injustice when they find that their desires are not fulfilled. Thus it is ineradicable from their minds, and has to be accepted as a permanent factor in the situation.

It is also a dominant factor, because the voting power of this section is irresistible. In the majority of constituencies they are sufficiently numerous to determine the result of an election, and their experience in the past has fostered the conviction that, if only their voting power is used in a sufficiently judicious manner, they can obtain control of the purse of Fortunatus. Under a system of universal suffrage, the politician cannot save the situation. Whatever his colour, and whatever the degree of his insight and capacity, he must curry favour with Demos. He is forced *se soumettre ou se démettre:* in practice he must give or go.

Thus the plight of the payer of direct taxation appears to be one of hopeless gloom. He cannot expect to be treated either with common sense or common justice. He will be more and more despoiled until the rude facts of economics come to his rescue. The process of spoliation will continue until *they* make their power felt, and then a condition of equilibrium will be attained. Then, the intelligent, harnessed in the service of the unintelligent, will be set to draw a carefully calculated load. The weight of the load will be precisely that which just fails to sap his strength and cause a breakdown. Ultimately, it will stand at the point where the utmost is being extorted from him, at the turning-point, that is to say, where direct taxation becomes destructive to its source, and the oppressor discovers that an increase of exaction leads to a diminution of revenue. Thus it

becomes extremely interesting to inquire where this turning-point is to be found, the point at which economic circumstances will call a halt to the process of increasing the burden. The question is not only interesting, but one that calls urgently for investigation, because the present condition of the country suggests that the critical point has been overpassed already.

But the view that we have yet gone too far in the direction of State expenditure is by no means generally held. It is of the essence of the economic view of the Socialist to believe that the critical point is still far away. To the Socialist it is comforting and restful to point out to his critics that the present depression is not confined to Great Britain. His critics may justly reply that the statement requires qualification. Other nations of Western Europe have not felt the "economic blizzard" to nearly the same extent. France, Italy and Spain have been comparatively exempt. On the other hand, it is true that it has been partially felt in the United States. But Americans live under a financial dispensation so totally different from our own that it is misleading to quote their conditions as though they were analogous. The real question is, Why has the blizzard raged with unexampled fury in Great Britain and in those countries, such as Australia and Argentina, that are commercially dependent upon British trade? For the reply we must look at home. And, when we do so, we find that there are domestic conditions, peculiar to ourselves, that furnish an adequate answer. We are, by far, the most mercilessly taxed nation in the round world.

This country, moreover, suffers from the fact that a very large proportion of the money which passes into the hands of Government, unlike that which remains in the hands of the people, is permanently lost, doing no real good, but destroying decent habits of self-reliance. And that is not all. In this country, direct taxation bears a larger proportion to indirect than it does in any other economic unit. It is peculiar to ourselves that the more able members of the community are subjected to a system which amounts to nothing less than systematic economic persecution, and our industrial undertakings work under the disadvantage of a handicap. Perforce, the amount of taxation has to be added to the costs of

production. The result is that there is scarcely any great firm or company in the country which has been able to add to the reserves that are indispensable to the modernization of plant or the extension of business. This is in spite of the fact that dividends, if they have not disappeared altogether, have been reduced to a point that does not give a "living wage" to the man who has invested his savings, and in spite of the fact that outgoings have been cut to the bone. Small wonder that the number of the unemployed, that measure of our industrial distress, has risen to its latter-day proportions during an era of high direct taxation. Nemesis is showing herself in the ever-increasing myriads of the unemployed. The turning point has been overpassed already. As time goes by, it is inevitable that the corrosive effect of high direct taxation should show itself more and more clearly. Year by year its results will be laid before us in a summarized form in the Budgets that are presented to Parliament. A time of crisis is approaching, when the brute force of economic law will either overpower the fable of the bottomless purse, or bring about our destruction.

It is probable that this time is not far away. As less and less money remains in productive work, the taxpayers will have smaller and smaller incomes at their disposal, and the income-tax will suffer a corresponding diminution. Now the income-tax of each fiscal year is derived, not from taxation levied upon private incomes received in the course of the year then ending, but upon those of the previous year. The fiscal results of the disastrous conditions prevailing in the twelve months ending in April, 1931, will not, therefore, show themselves until the Budget is introduced in 1932. With the Budget of 1932, or possibly that of 1933, the crisis will be upon us. The income-tax will yield a diminished revenue. It will become evident to those who have eyes to see that the Law of Diminishing Returns is beginning to operate, and that the more direct taxation is increased, the less will be the revenue produced.

Who knows what will happen then? A Chancellor who is a doctrinaire Free Trader will be faced by this Law of Diminishing Returns, and under the necessity of making economies. For he cannot raise further revenue

by direct taxation, and, if he is debarred from the use of protective duties, he will be unable to raise it upon an adequate scale by the imposition of indirect taxation. If he turns to economies, he will find himself under the necessity of making them in one or other of two directions. He must either reduce the amount expended upon "Social Services" or he must reduce the rate of interest upon War Loans. Under a system of universal suffrage, he cannot hesitate. He will adopt the expedient of reducing the interest upon War Loan, probably by a forced conversion. Facile politicians will find no difficulty in applauding the highly moral character of such a proceeding. They will say that conditions have changed since the debt was contracted, and that it is shameful that the Capitalist should continue to batten upon the necessities under which the country suffered during a war that was waged so many years ago. To them, it will not be expedient to recall that the sacredness of contract and the confidence that "a bargain is a bargain" constitute the principle that forms the very basis of civilized society. Nevertheless, the indispensable nature of that principle would not be slow to assert itself. For if default, however camouflaged, has once been tolerated in time of peace, then a new principle has been substituted for the old one. Compulsion takes the place of contract. The bond of a nation which has once committed an act of repudiation can never again be trusted: it cannot revert to contract. Thereafter it must resort to a system of "capital levies" in the place of loans, all private property becomes liable to confiscation, and the feet of the people are set upon the slope that ends in the Russian abyss.

But events will not necessarily take this course. By 1932 or 1933 we may have a new Chancellor in charge of the Treasury, one who is not bound by the fetters of Free Trade. By then we may see a Government in office that is able and willing to bring an adequate system of tariffs into operation. The situation may yet be retrieved, not so much by economies that would lead to a rising of those who believe in the bottomless purse as by the development of a new source of revenue. It is true that a nation, accustomed to the drawback of free imports may expect a rebound when that disadvantage is removed,

and may then look for a revival of industry and the consequent relief of unemployment. But that is not enough. The most drastic system of Protection will not avail to save us except under certain definite conditions.

These are two. First, that our tariffs shall be, definitely and unabashedly, arranged to produce revenue by an indirect taxation in which all the nation shares. Secondly, that the revenue derived from this indirect taxation shall be devoted to the revival of trade (and therefore of employment) by being used for the relief of direct taxation—especially when it takes its most malignant form, in the Death Duties. If these conditions are not observed, if the availability of new revenue is held to justify a yet further increase in Government expenditure, a further extension of "Social Services" and a bribery of the electorate even more flagitious than that which has prevailed ever since the War, then our last state will be even more hopeless than our present plight. For we shall have thrown away our last chance of recovery.

Shall we throw it away or shall we not? The omens could scarcely be less propitious. The Conservative members of the present House of Commons failed to keep even a quorum (December 11, 1930) for a debate on National Economy. The debate, admittedly, was not one that could lead to the adoption of any practical step, but, as an exhibition of indifference to the most vital need of to-day, the count-out was a scandal. The record of the Party when in power in the previous administration could not be less reassuring. Its history gives us an epitome of all that will have to be eschewed in future. If the next Conservative majority is to see that the country does not go down in ruins, it must be composed of men who, deaf to the cries of "Give—Give," are prepared to face a temporary unpopularity and to abandon politics in favour of economics. Shall we see such a Government? We may—I had almost said *per impossibile*. But whether we see it or not, economic law will take its course. If we continue to defy it, then the penalty "in that case made and provided" will be exacted to the uttermost. The decision will not be much longer before us. We have almost reached the parting of the ways. *Domine, dirige nos.*

Marshal Foch and his Military Testament*

By J. H. Morgan, K.C.

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ONE day, early in 1925, Marshal Foch, in his little room at Number 8, Boulevard des Invalides, gave the writer of this article a lecture. It was the first of many such *conférences à deux*. The subject was the strategic importance of the Rhine. I had committed myself to an invitation from that august academy, the Royal British Institute of International Affairs, to lecture on the problem—at that time very much a problem—and with the somewhat intimidating prospect of General Godley, than whom no one knows more of the subject, in the chair, I had asked the Marshal to look over my notes. This he did. And, having done so, he took me by the sleeve—a characteristic gesture—and, approaching the map of Europe on the wall, he struck with the stem of his calabash pipe at the strategic points and all the rest of it—at Cologne, the nerve-centre of the railways of Northern and Central Germany, at Mainz, the historic line of advance into Germany, at the valley of the Main, the command of which paralyses the mobilization of Germany North and South. And so on. Each thought was translated into short, sharp sentences like words of command, emphasized with a semicircular movement of his arms in the air as though he were enveloping both flanks. It was "Professor Foch," Professor Emeritus indeed, but once more holding his audience spell-bound with just such a lecture as those he had delivered, almost a generation earlier, at the *Ecole de Guerre*—lectures which subsequently took form in the two greatest books of our time—I dare to say of all time—on the science and art of war. And now comes another book, completing the trilogy and exhibiting the application of theory to practice, the translation of the man of thought into the man of action.

In this country where we, and most of all our politicians, have lost all power—it never was a habit of

* "The Memoirs of Marshal Foch." Heinemann. 25s. net.

ours—of taking thought for the morrow, there would, of course, appear to be a hopeless antithesis, an unbridgable chasm, between a man of thought and a man of action. Even at Camberley they, long ago, have dropped the title of "Professor"—at the *École de Guerre* they cherish it—and substituted the pragmatical term "Instructor." No doubt it sounds more robust. It is less suggestive of an intimidating habit of thought. For few Englishmen can think without getting frightened. Their heads get hot and their feet get "cold." As a very wise Englishman, Lord Milner, observed, just seven years before the war, English opinion is characterized by "a feeling of habitual security, varied by occasional frights." One cannot imagine an English politician, or even an Instructor at Camberley, saying to his audience what Foch said in his first lecture at the *École de Guerre*: "One thing I say unto you, *learn to think.*"* But it was because he thought—thought hard "for six years," as he puts it in one of his rare moments of self-revelation, the brief, charming and suggestive autobiographical sketch which constitutes his "Foreword" to what is otherwise an extraordinarily self-effacing book—that he was able to act, when the supreme crisis came, to act decisively, "violently," "surely,"† "economically,"‡ with unfailing resolution§ and with that courage of the Higher Command which is, in the last resort, moral courage and, as such, of all forms of courage the most rare.

An army, Foch had insisted in his lectures again and again, is not merely a body, it has a soul; it is not a mere machine which a mechanic can control by moving a lever here and pressing a switch there; it is an animate

* "*Je vous dis aujourd'hui, apprenez à penser.*"—"Des Principes de la Guerre" (7th edition), p. 20.

† In the sense of one of his four great principles of war, "*Sûreté*," "the sovereign mistress of tactics" (*Principes*, p. 217), which he defines, subjectively, as "the way to live in security" (which does not mean safety so much as confidence) "in the midst of danger" (*Ibid.*, p. 131), and objectively, as guaranteed by an advanced guard.

‡ In the sense of another of his four principles, "Economy of forces," which he developed (*Principes*, chap. III) from Napoleon's great aphorism, "The art of war consists in having always greater forces than your adversary, although your own army is smaller than his, at the point where you attack or where he attacks." We shall see later how Foch won by applying this principle in the great battles of 1918, even as the Germans, repeating their strategical mistakes of August 1914 in their departures from Schlieffen's plan both on the Western and the Eastern Fronts, lost them by not applying it.

§ "Victory is equivalent to Will,"—(*Principes*, p. 269).

body, and the chief of it must communciate his spirit to it, must seek to make his Army G.O.C.'s "enter freely (*franchement*) into his thought," while they in turn must transmit this imputed volition, this conscious will, this "*fluide impératif*," to the C.O.'s under them, who in turn will communicate it through corps, division, brigade, battalion, company, platoon, to the men themselves. We shall see, in due course, Foch applying all these principles to the operations of the gigantic armies under his command, and applying them under circumstances so complex, intrusions so disturbing, factors—political of course—so utterly alien to the conduct of war and so fatal to it, that even Napoleon, if only because of certain defects of character, would have failed where Foch so triumphantly succeeded. "*Qui dit chef dit un homme de caractère.**" In other words, when you speak of an Army Chief, you mean, you must mean, a man of character. It was because Foch was a great character, a great thinker—nay more, like Gustavus Adolphus and Cromwell, a great Christian—that he won the war at a time, and in a place, where every politician, and nearly every soldier, thought victory impossible.†

To understand the secret of Foch's dazzling success in the field‡ one must, in fact, either have known him per-

* *Ibid.*, p. 95.

† *See* Sir Henry Wilson—"Life and Diaries" (edited by General Callwell), II, p. 119. "Practically all the Prime Ministers, etc., are of opinion that we cannot beat the Boche on the Western Front." And our own C.I.G.S., *i.e.*, Wilson himself, had been of the same opinion as regards time: he thought in January, 1918, that a decisive victory in 1918 was impossible. (Foch *Memoirs*, p. 273.)

‡ It seems hardly worth while discussing the contention of German writers that the German Army was not decisively beaten by the Allies at all, but beaten by the Germans! In other words, the theory of "the stab in the back" by revolutionary movements at home. In the course of a long talk which, accompanied by General Sir Ian Hamilton, who was then my guest in Berlin, I had with General Ludendorff at Munich in 1922, Ludendorff himself put forward this *apologia*, contending that the Germans could have held up the Allied offensive, first on the line from the sea to the Moselle, and ultimately on the Rhine. But Foch's plan (explained with the most convincing clarity in chapter XIII of his "Memoirs") to take the Meuse defences of the German Army in the rear by an attack in Lorraine which was fixed for November 14, (three days after the Armistice) would, unquestionably, have been the *coup de grâce*, and must have succeeded, for the German Armies had lost their freedom of manœuvre, and were becoming more and more immobilized by the capture of their lateral lines of communication, particularly the railway from Hirson to Mezières. Foch, with characteristic modesty, never says in his "Memoirs"

sonally or have studied him in his books. The Foch of the Allied Command in 1918 is to be found in the Foch of the *Ecole de Guerre*, the man of action in the thinker, the thinker in the student, the student in the reader. How great a student one may judge from his two treatises, which lay under searching contribution almost every treatise on the science of war, even from Xenophon unto von der Goltz, while, as for the art of it, almost every campaign of Napoleon and Von Moltke is studied therein. Of his reading, or rather of how he read, he gave me, at first hand, a most illuminating example. A few hours after the allocution at his H.Q., to which I have referred at the beginning of this article, and just as I was packing up my kit at my hotel for my return to London, an orderly arrived with a parcel. "From the Marshal," he said. I opened it. Enclosed was the Marshal's card and on it was inscribed two words, "*Lisez ceci!*" "Ceci" was the Marshal's own copy of von Moltke's "*Correspondance Militaire.*" And on page after page of that military classic there were traced, like the foliation on some medieval missal, in his own bold handwriting, the ink faded with time (for he was only a colonel at the date of the annotation), exclamation, interrogation, comment, criticism and continuous analysis and application. As thus *Voilà l'objectif!* (on page 5), "*C'est la ligne d'invasion plus facile!*" (page 2), "*Non!*" (page 3), "*Quelle conduite résulte pour nous?*" (page 8), "*Toute cette situation à retourner!*" (page 10), "*Naumur vaudrait mieux*" (page 10). And so on. It was like a flashing glimpse into the very processes of his thought.

More than that, Foch had thought even how to command. Nothing in war, he told his pupils at the French Staff College, can be done without thinking, or rather without having thought, even unto the defence of a watercourse, the throwing out of an outpost, much more the pushing forward of an advanced guard. You

how completely the execution of these hypothetical operations would have succeeded. In this respect his book is incomplete, and nothing authoritative has yet been published in this country to supply the deficiency, nor indeed anything of any value on the 1918 Allied campaign, viewed as a whole. But the French G.Q.G. have supplied the deficiency with a little masterpiece, written in January 1919, under the title of "*Pourquoi l'Allemagne a capitulé.*" So far as I am aware, it has never been published, much less translated into English. My own copy, given me by General Weygand, is one of an original issue of twenty-five copies.

must "learn" to command, he exhorted, but that learning must in due process of time have developed into an "instinct." Always concrete, in spite of Clemenceau's ignorant jibe about his books being those of "a metaphysician," he drove home his point with illustrations from shooting, riding, fencing. You begin to learn all those practices consciously, self-consciously; you end by doing them automatically. In one of those pregnant aphorisms—and Foch was the greatest master of aphorism in the French language, which is to say in all languages—to be found on almost every page of his writings, charged with a kind of intellectual high explosive, he puts it all into a sentence—you must, he said, be ready for a critical situation in war with *cerebral reflexes* (*réflexes cérébraux*), perfectly developed, muscularly developed, by study and thought.* And he was not merely content to analyse the great battles of history—he refought them.†

Truly never man spake like this man. There is not a treatise on the art of war to compare with his. He is always and everywhere mindful of the fact that battles, in spite of all the multiplication of mechanical instruments of war, are fought by *men*. In the preparation of his vast offensives in 1918 he emphasizes the lessons he had taught fifteen years earlier—the troops in the line must be inculcated, after three or more years of siege warfare, with "the spirit of movement" (p. 393), and the smallest units with their machine-guns must be left to manœuvre freely (p. 476). Although he has to think in terms of armies, he never forgets that, in the final great offensive, it was to be a war of platoons no less than a war of Army "Groups." That last great drive was, indeed, a "soldiers' battle," a sort of devolution of tactics. Not since the battle of Gheluvelt, the Thermopylæ of our old Army, had there been anything quite like it, though the odds were now a very different story.

Even discipline, Foch had long ago contended, was not a rigid thing.‡ He boldly contended that obedience

* *Des Principes*, p. 13.

† For example, as when (*Des Principes*, p. 303) having analysed with a series of maps, showing the sequence of operations, Lannes' brilliant action at Saalfeld, he proceeds, "Now how should we fight that battle to-day?"

‡ "What is discipline? he asks, and replies, in effect, that it is no merely negative thing. "It does not consist in the mere absence of disobedience. That definition may be all very well in the case of a man in the ranks

must go hand in hand with initiative, and resolved the paradox. And as he taught, so he acted. Having held whole armies in leash, deaf to the importunities of their commanders, the moment he lets them go he sets them free—"From now onwards," he instructs, on September 25, "no further instructions! The progress of the battle depends upon the spirit of decision, initiative, energy, shown by Corps and Divisional Commanders."*

In his lectures he had always kept his eye on the future. When our own staff officers were thinking, as the almost minute establishment of our Army confined them to think, in terms of Corps and Divisions, he was thinking in terms of armies and "groups of armies" (*Des Principes*, p. 92). He had foreseen everything—the necessity, as the result of technical developments, of the organization of the defence in depth—the very thing, as he points out in his Memoirs (p. 359), the neglect of which by the French Sixth Army (which was not, be it understood, even indirectly, under his actual command), was the proximate cause of the disaster of the Chemin des Dames; the creation and employment of a General Reserve; the necessity of intensive artillery preparation for an infantry attack. His two chapters on "Battle" and "The Modern Battle," surely the most suggestive and far-seeing things of their kind ever published, are thick with the very ideas he put into action fifteen years after they were written. Only one thing did he fail to foresee and even the Germans, with all their initial superiority in artillery and almost a monopoly of heavy artillery, did not foresee it—the duration of artillery "preparation" eventually necessitated by the developments of the war.† Indeed, it has been argued, since the war, that the length, in time, of the artillery preparation necessary to an infantry attack

(*homme de troupe*) but it is absolutely useless in the case of any commander placed at any step (*échelon*) in the hierarchy of command." (*Des Principes*, p. 97.) It was the paralyzingly rigid conception of "discipline" in the German Army that was one of the main causes alike of their initial checks and their ultimate defeat. The Marshal's own comment when I repeated to him a remark of von Kluck to me, "If only that damned Hentsch's car had broken down, I should have won the battle of the Marne," was, "*Then why did he listen to him? Why couldn't Moltke either decide himself or leave things alone?*" Kluck's hypothesis is in any case a vain one, in both senses of the word.

* "Memoirs," *see* p. 475. Also on September 27, *see* p. 477.

† Cf. p. 322 of *Des Principes*, "A *quarter of an hour's* artillery preparation will generally be sufficient."

has destroyed the tactical element of "surprise" in war. But Foch would, most certainly, have denied that. "Surprise" was one of those principles of war which, he was fond of contending, never change with changing instruments of war, any more than the principles of design in architecture change with the changing medium of wood, stone, iron and ferrous-concrete. And he was right.*

Why was it that Foch was chosen with such sudden, if belated, unanimity to "co-ordinate" the operations of the Allied Armies at that fateful conference at Doullens on March 26 when the German forces were hammering almost at the very gates of Amiens? Why was it that he alone, among all those who participated in that conference, remained unmoved, unafraid, undisturbed, and by his heroic calm put heart into those who sat with him at the council-table.† *Impavidum ferient ruinæ!* The answer is that he had foreseen everything, and they now knew it. This book reveals as much for the first time‡, and yet—it is entirely characteristic—never once does Foch descend to "I told you so." He is always impersonal. The most he ever says is "as had been predicted." But one can pick up the trail, "crossed" though it has been by all sorts of volumes of war gossip,

* For, as he pointed out in the successive prefaces to his books, the fortified depth of the positions occupied by troops and the increasing distances from their bases, have been accompanied by an enormous extension of the front. And surprise, relatively speaking, may be effected by "feints" at various points. This is what he practised in 1918.

† One who was there has since told me that Foch sat most of the time, while the voluble politicians talked around him, in one of his massive silences, his face buried in his hands. Observing which, a worried person touched his sleeve with the gratuitous observation "We all know how you're feeling, General; the situation is, indeed, dreadful." The astonished Foch dropped his hands and replied "Feeling! I'm not feeling anything. I'm trying to make my pipe draw." And he was.

‡ The only book which, as yet, has dealt comprehensively and authoritatively with the steps by which a General Reserve was eventually formed, and unity of the Allied Command secured, is that by General Mordacq, "*Le Commandement unique et comme il fut realisé.*" It is temperate, well-informed and just. But it never mentions Foch's far-seeing protests on the dates referred to above, particularly on March 13–15 at the London Conference, and seems to be chiefly concerned with giving all the credit for the idea of unity of command, still more the idea of its imperativeness, to Clemenceau. This is certainly mistaken. Clemenceau had tied himself hopelessly to the expedient of a "mutual agreement" between Haig and Petain, the utter futility of which was at last devastatingly demonstrated by the situation of the two Army Groups, etc. when and after Ludendorff struck at the Fifth Army. Foch's criticism of that *modus vivendi*, "living on each other's charity and very cold charity" as Wilson called it, is vigorous (p. 288 of the "Memoirs.").

more or less spurious or self-advertising. From the "Notes" of Foch, addressed to Allied Conferences in London, Paris and elsewhere and now here published for the first time, one discovers that his far-seeing counsels had been tendered, and rejected, again and again—on July 6 and 27, 1917; on January 1 and 6, and again, just six days before the storm burst on March 15. At last on March 24, as we learn now from these "Memoirs," Foch sought out Clemenceau, in the midst of the appalling *débâcle* in front of Amiens. With characteristic simplicity he says "I could not remain passive." And no more. Lord Milner has testified that he asked for nothing for himself. He has left it on record in a certain Memorandum that "as far as General Foch was concerned, he had no wish to command anything." Within forty-eight hours the Allied politicians and Generals met at Doullens and entrusted him with the "co-ordination"—it took them another week to make up their minds to give him the "direction"—of the Allied forces. His demeanour on that occasion made a lasting, an ineffaceable impression on all who beheld him.* Here, indeed, was Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" come to life—

> Who through the heat of conflict keeps the Law
> In calmness made, *and sees what he foresaw.*

And now was let loose a veritable thunderbolt of war. On the very same day Foch draws up plans for consolidating the defence of the breach in the Allied Front, correcting both Haig's (or rather Wilson's) dispositions and those of Petain, which were in process of isolating the British from the French and of desperately meeting "a single German battle with two distinct ones." With the velocity of light, and all its illumination, he determines on "an Anglo-French battle." The next moment, after arresting this dispersion of effort, he is taking steps to constitute that "mass of manœuvre," which as yet

* Thus, for example, General Mordacq, who was there, and who, after describing Foch as "calmer than ever," proceeds "Never have I seen anything more magnificent. He gave one the impression of a man who was ready to throw himself headlong into the battle and to assume the terrific responsibility of strategical direction, because he felt in his very soul the call of a great responsibility. He was superb in conviction and confidence. This profession of *faith* at such a moment, with the thunder in our ears of the German cannonade only a few kilometres away, left on the minds of all those present an impression which can never be effaced."—"*Le Commandement unique*," pp. 78, 80–81.

does not exist and of which he was to make such masterly disposition in what he once called "the unities" of time and space. But Foch was not the man, like the unhappy Moltke the Second "of the limited liability firm"* to sit at his G.H.Q. issuing Operation Orders—still less, not issuing them—to Commanders of Armies he never saw or troubled to see. No sooner has he drawn up his plans than he is at Headquarters of Army after Army, explaining them—doing what he had taught his pupils at the Ecole de Guerre a "Chief" should always do: "making one's Commanders enter freely into one's thought." On the same day he is explaining them to General Gough at the H.Q. of our Fifth Army, then to General Debeny at the H.Q. of the French First Army, then to Fayolle's Chief of Staff at the H.Q. of the Reserve Army Group. A few hours' sleep and, on the next day, he is with Humbert at the French Third Army, then with Byng and our Third Army, and then back at the H.Q. of our Fifth Army. On the 28th he is at Clermont organizing the concentration of the French Reserves—the General Reserve does not yet exist. On the 29th he is at Abbeville arranging with Haig the reorganization of our Fifth Army which has dissolved into batteries and platoons. And all this—"Day's Work of a Giant," as Morley would have called it—is and for six months will continue to be the work of a man who is nearing seventy years of age.

Far greater difficulties are yet to confront him—jealousy, faction, national *amour propre*, appeals from his decisions by the Allied Commanders-in-Chief to their governments, the intrusions into the very conduct, nay, the strategy, of his operations, by politicians who fancy themselves strategists until one of the strategist-politicians is hopelessly discredited by events,† and the appeals‡ of commanders-in-chief are, in one case, abolished

* "*Moltkerei mit beschränkte Haft*," as a caustic German critic called the German General Staff when Moltke, a man of limited talent and fearful of responsibility, succeeded that man of genius, Count Schlieffen, as its Chief.

† The worst example was the intrusions of Mr. Lloyd George. On July 4, just ten days before the German offensive which developed into the Second Battle of the Marne and which Foch foresaw and was getting ready to meet, even as he was preparing an offensive against the eastern flank of the Chateau Thierry "pocket," Mr. Lloyd George had a "brain-wave," or a brain-storm, and suddenly proposed to dissolve the hard-won unity of

and, in another, abandoned for good. In both cases Foch had completely justified himself.§ In all these cases Foch, now as then, never complains, never recriminates, and invariably imputes such things to the best intentions. He is always found "taking men as one finds them"—the rule of life of another greater thinker, Thomas Hardy—and seeking to get the best out of them. His infinite patience with the intractable Pershing is a supreme example. Pershing was a gallant soldier of infinite charm, but, compared with Foch, as much a novice in the art of war as were Pershing's troops in comparison with the French and British who had borne the heat and burden of the mighty conflict for three years. And in the second stage of the great offensive the American Army became hopelessly involved in the Argonne. For six days it was paralysed with inertia and "marking time." The cause is now well known—I had almost said notorious. Their staff was hopelessly amateurish.‖ Clemenceau looked on in grow-

command and to dissolve it again into a "Committee." Foch, it is clear (page 409) would have resigned had this proposal, which he had to rush off to Versailles to encounter, been carried. But worse was to come. On the evening of July 14 Mr. Lloyd George rang up our C.I.G.S. to tell Haig that he would not allow four British Divisions, asked for by Foch, to go South unless Haig would give a "guarantee"(!) that the armies of Prince Rupprecht would not attack him. (Wilson II, 115). By some mischance Mr. Lloyd George omitted to ask Prince Rupprecht for the guarantee. Haig had made no representations to Mr. Lloyd George, and had, indeed, already agreed to send two Divisions to Foch—the other two followed later. On the very next day, July 15, the German Offensive burst upon a front of 56 miles between Chateau-Thierry and Massigies.

‡ Haig made one protest, clearly the result of a misunderstanding, against a proposal of Foch to withdraw troops from the British zone. Yet only two days before this, the British C.I.G.S. was criticizing Foch for *not* withdrawing troops from the British zone, while 4 days earlier (May 29) Petain was complaining that Foch would not withdraw the French Xth Army from that zone.

§ In the case of Haig and Petain there was certainly no want of goodwill nor did Foch ever think so. He puts the situation exactly, and with his usual fairness, when he speaks of "the anxiety which the defensive causes to everybody and the uncertainty it brings to army commanders, who are either being attacked or waiting to be attacked, and each of whom always thinks that the most ominous danger is the one directly threatening him" (p. 374).

‖ What the German Staff thought of it has been tersely expressed in Hindenburg's Autobiography. A distinguished German officer, who was on the Argonne front, and who was attached to me as liaison officer in 1922 when I was inspecting German units in a certain "Wehrkreis," Colonel Krause, was even more emphatic. What the French thought is expressed by General Mordacq, who is certainly not lacking in personal admiration of Pershing, thus "The cause of the American check was very simple: their army had no brain (*le cerveau n'existait pas*) its staffs and generals were lacking in experience"—p. 149.

ing impatience, and at last wrote a scathing criticism of the American Army—the letter is published in full on pages 504–508 of "Foch's Memoirs"—to Foch. Foch's reply is characteristic of the nobility of the man. He had been already badly let down by Pershing's refusal, on September 26, to agree to the placing of another French army in the Argonne region—with the disastrous results to which Clemenceau had now drawn his attention. But in his reply to Clemenceau, Foch says nothing of this. He, who had always insisted at the Ecole de Guerre that an army is not a mere body, but must be spiritually inspired by a soul, writes back emphasizing the importance of encouraging "the national spirit" of the American troops. That is why, as he now explains, he had already largely abandoned the practice of incorporating the raw American Divisions into French or British corps and conceded the formation of two American Armies. He gives Clemenceau a table of the incorporation of the American Divisions and adds that he thinks it better to "diminish the weakness" of the American High Command by "manipulation" than by "orders." Indeed, his power of "ordering" any Allied Commander-in-Chief was always very limited. He could only "persuade." His instructions are always couched in the terms "I request." Only once does he say: "I insist." Yet his brain is always "directing" operations. Even the great Petain, as impassive as Foch himself and, perhaps, the greatest of the French generals after Foch, accepts, on reflection, Foch's correction of his dispositions when he has been too solicitous, in a projected Franco-American thrust, about "alignment." "You must operate," Foch reminds him, "not against lines indicated *a priori* and suggested by the nature of the ground, but against the enemy."

(*To be concluded.*)

France : State or Empire ?*

By André Tardieu

THERE is not a Frenchman who thinks—if he thinks at all—that the fate of his country is clear. Fate?—that is for some to create, for others to undergo. It often seems that France has no clear perception either of what she can do or of what she wants. There is criticism and negation everywhere : it is time to fix the ship's position. Seventeen years since the declaration of war; thirteen years since the Armistice; what will the years ahead of us bring forth?

For the victors the realization of the victory has involved bargaining and conciliation; for the vanquished, and with them some queer recruits from the victors' camp, that same period has entailed alternate passive resistance and active revolt. So Europe, in her need for peace, tries in two opposing ways to satisfy those ambitions which the victory of 1918 crowned for the former and thwarted for the latter. A political struggle has thus begun, no whit less than the military struggle begun in 1914.

And precisely for the same reason : as in the days of the " scrap of paper," France is believed to-day to be on the down grade. They believed it seventeen years ago in Berlin, in London, in Paris; they believe it again. If Berlin had known us for what we really were, despite all our false appearance, there would have been no war. Europe itself would have pressed for peace if its instinct for its own interests had not been obscured by our apparent decadence. Because we let ourselves be portrayed to the world as divided and uncertain, we prepared the ground for the sanguinary errors of our aggressors and our friends. The responsibility was ours yesterday : let us see that it is not ours tomorrow.

Clemenceau, by whom the inmost soul of the nation had been mobilized and the authority of our leaders preserved, bequeathed us a military victory which left us with an army reduced, it is true, owing to our desire for disarmament, but still equal to the best.

* Translated from *L'Illustration* by kind permission of the Editor.

Poincaré gained us a financial victory which through the confidence it restored and the sacrifices that were accepted, has given us the healthiest of currencies, thereby attracting to our coffers the restless gold of our neighbours and leading the United States to envisage the financial reconstruction of Europe in agreement with us and on a basis of strict equality.

Though the fruit of these two victories lies ready to hand, the Frenchman estimates them at less than his neighbours or his rivals. Read the political debates: parties appealing to the country, groups before the Chamber. They are not concerned with wielding the power to be derived from these two levers; they merely reject them with contempt. Our internal quarrels are eloquent of our national lack of comprehension. That such things have happened in previous periods of post-war dissolution and anarchy may be an excuse for yesterday, but not for tomorrow.

We have borne the morrows of our defeats better than the morrows of our victories. Fifteen years after Waterloo, Algeria; fifteen years after Sedan, Tunisia, Indo-China, and then West Africa; out of the humiliation of Tangier arose the Moroccan Protectorate. Our Empire of a hundred million souls has been born as it were subconsciously, when we had only diminished strength. What are we to do with our present forces?

Imagine our French Empire, such as it is, built by our kings and our Republic, in the hands of Germany or of Italy; the face of the world would be changed. For in those two countries an imperial consciousness, productive of action, has been born, developed and imposed. We have the Empire; but where is the consciousness? Consciousness: that is, the clear view and the pride of vision coupled with a perception of the means of achievement. Official and bureaucratic balance sheets of our overseas possessions have often been printed; all that was lacking was a naval policy, a banking policy, and an educational policy—the essential conditions of practical success. Genoa and Venice did better than that.

I have taken note of two of the forces at our disposal —the military and the financial. What of the others? Confidence, which is inspired in anyone who sees and

grasps the fact that our territorial position implies the *status quo*, and excludes the spirit of conquest; the capacity which we possess to lend to the many peoples who wish to borrow; the generous give and take of our production which leaves our soil accessible to the foreign worker; the whole enclosed in an immense framework of purchase, sale and conversion which has made for us a France in Africa and a France in Asia. We might pride ourselves on being the hundred millions that we are. Instead of that we prefer to remain forty millions bent on mutual self-destruction. That must be paid for.

Criticisms, it may be urged, and facile criticisms perhaps. Fourteen months ago you were the head of a government—what did you achieve? True. I achieved during those fourteen months just what I could, and precisely because so little was achieved of what was desired, one remains heartbroken when one has done all one could.

For thirty years France has only known two strong governments: that of Clemenceau in 1917, because of the fear of defeat; that of Poincaré in 1926, because of the fear of bankruptcy. The others lacked force, because they were not born of despair. Without wishing it, they had to spend most of their time attending to the safety of their skins. That moral unity which makes for effective action does not in France survive the moment of extreme peril. When the risk ceases to be obvious, the effort is demobilized.

Each President of the Council on making his début finds a course to take over and a course to work out. If one has thought things out anew, a new direction is introduced as and when one can. In fourteen months my government, which next to the two Poincaré ministries was one of the longest since the war, did what it could to deal with the legacy of the past and to shape the course for the future. The balance sheet is presentable; but in recalling what was done I am obsessed with the thought of what was left undone. What is the good of office if it is not to translate into acts one's ideas for the general welfare and the national greatness?

This comparative impotence can be explained both by the immediate difficulties which one knows only too

well, and by the forces on the horizon which are so difficult to gauge. French policy is floating in mid air.

Our people do not forget that for nearly twenty centuries they worked for others; before they owned their fields they conquered them clod by clod. That is why the idea of property with its associations of idealism, dignity, and moral worth dominates our history. No one is so far to the right as to renounce the conquests of the Revolution, or so far to the left as to embrace collective ownership. Thus a national character has taken shape which excludes the doctrines of internationalism and collectivism—be they communist or socialist. Yet these doctrines are represented in our Chambers by some hundred and thirty of the elected.

And in the second line, where all the old and out-of-date traditions of local conflicts jostle one another sharing the responsibilities, electoral links are forged between the supporters of the Internationals and that section of the bourgeoisie—secular, patriotic and conservative in its social principles—called the Radical-Socialist Party: a tactical alliance with an eye to the ballot-box, which reacts on and falsifies parliamentary relations.

Numerous heads of governments have tried to create, to maintain, or to re-establish in the Chambers that republican *bloc* which common sense indicates. They have failed, and thus have been born bourgeois cabinets which, whatever their merits, were condemned to revolutionary support, that is, to death: some were still-born, others died in infancy.

And in London MacDonald lives on the daily charity of Baldwin and Lloyd George; in Berlin, Bruning struggles between Hitler and Braun; in Brussels, Jaspar walks the tight-rope. Is it more exhilarating for France to indulge in idle reflections upon the mysteries of concentration and only to obtain a vote on the budget after having undergone the fire of three thousand orators?

So much for the elected: what of the people who return them, who for one month in every four years are all agog to elect them, but who, the elections once over, lose interest in them completely for four whole years? They are charming; and disconcerting. My joy was to talk to them; intelligent, sensitive gatherings, admirably

intuitive—agriculturists, workmen, tradespeople, fighting men. They grasped everything one told them. They applauded furiously. But their approval has no creative virtue, nor can it be capitalized in Parliament.

Strange folk, of whom one does not know, any more than they do, whether they prefer their elected to hold aloof or to destroy each other. A people alive to the great sacrifices, but blind to the small; who bombard their deputies with so many contradictory requests that many of them spend their lives like the *Catoblepas**, in looking at their feet before eating them! A people responsible in part for the internal dissipation of forces that could so profitably be employed outside. There they are, forty or a hundred million of them according to the method of reckoning, who deserve a better fate than the one they are making, and could, if they would, make for themselves a destiny a hundred times better. What is lacking? Only a sense of the possibilities of France and of the bond which unites these possibilities that are common to the happiness of every Frenchman.

The fact is that the war which killed the men did not kill either passions or customs. France is in danger from both. The passion of the individual for solitude; the passion of the group for battle; the passion for a majority, which Edmund Burke mistrusted as much as despotism; the paradoxical need for equality and authority, where we find afresh the metaphysical conflict which has gone on since Plato's day. Then the secular customs nourished by stratifications which have kept our immobile villages to the sites of their Gallo-Roman birthplaces; customs of life, of thought, of belief, of faith, of hatred, which classify a Frenchman before he is out of his mother's womb; which deliver him over to words rather than deeds; which make him timid, mistrustful, refractory to the larger hopes.

Yet it is toward a larger hope—or, better, toward a great certainty—that we must range our people if we would have them equal to the chances they possess and safe from the dangers which lie in wait for them. Two ideas have to be created or restored: the idea of the Empire and the idea of the State.

* The " down-looker," a fabulous beast of Ethiopia mentioned by Pliny.

First, the Empire: Empire makes territories, but also the means, actual or potential, which lie hidden in these territories of Europe and overseas; makes, still more, the collective consciousness of those who inhabit it; Empire is a material idea and a moral idea which, conceived and cultivated, may become the most prolific of all guarantees for a positive policy of organization for peace. Then, the State: the expression of this consciousness in the duty of action—eternal pivot of the history of France; a force which, because it transforms the whole and exercises it in its service, is superior to individual forces, which, however great they may be, are yet divisible.

From the Empire would come our help in time of danger, whether in 1935, when our effectives will have been weakened by the drain of the war, or in the quite possible hypothesis of international isolation. The imperial consciousness has yet to be born. It will be a source of level-headedness and not of imperialist psychosis; for that state of mind is a disease of the imagination from which the sane and solid reality should preserve us.

The State must be restored and recognize anew both its duty and its rights, the one as the other forgotten to-day. It is dispossessed and decried as a *roi fainéant*. Modern feudalities, like the medieval, must undergo discipline.

Idealism and authority: two good things to be rediscovered, reanimated and rejuvenated! Failing which, in the weary splendour of setting suns the blood poured out on the frontiers and the millions poured into the Treasury will have been as misleading as the speech of a pacifist before the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

Under the Banyan Tree

By Brigadier-General R. G. Burton

THE empty rhetoric of the Round Table Conference was appropriately rounded off by the Lord Chancellor with a metaphor of doubtful implication and susceptible of varying interpretations. Lord Sankey likened the result of the Conference to "a tender plant which had sprung up from a seed planted by the Prime Minister," to be transplanted to "the kindly Indian soil" and as to the future of which he had no misgivings. "India would see that it grew into a great tree under whose spreading and protecting branches her sons and daughters would find rest and shelter which they so sorely need." "It is this," he said, "which will bring you peace at last." He is very optimistic! The "at last" must, in any case, belong to a very distant future, and the peace may well be to countless thousands the peace of death.

In the first place the seed was not planted by Mr. MacDonald but by the late Mr. Montagu, who in his horticultural operation himself averred that he had deliberately disturbed the pathetic contentment established by British rule, which had brought peace and security to the masses of the people who before its advent lived in terror and uncertainty. So far the seeds planted by Mr. Montagu bear more resemblance to the dragon's teeth of Cadmus, while the tender plant presents little likeness to the sacred banyan tree to which it has been compared, whose branches drop their thousand tendrils to the ground, where they take root, until eventually the parent tree with "its column-dropping stems roofed with vaults of glistering green" covers many acres of ground and affords a vast extent of grateful shade for man and beast.

But is this comparison a just one? The banyan is an Indian plant; the tree of democracy which it is proposed to transplant to Indian soil is of foreign growth, and it is notoriously unsafe and often detrimental to introduce exotics, whether animal or vegetable. Mr. Winston Churchill says we would not offer cats' meat to tigers; nor would we let loose tigers in England, although they

have their uses in their native jungles. African lions imported into a native State a few years ago began to eat up the inhabitants and had to be destroyed. American grey squirrels are destroying our own indigenous species. Cactus from India is a curse in Australia. Democracy is a dangerous growth, apt to become malignant in its effect on the body politic, and has not in other countries been so beneficial that it can be assumed to be safe for India. If it is supposed to be a remedy, we may well complain that we are suffering from an overdose of it in our own country. The seed now transplanted into India may prove to be that of a upas tree, a noxious growth which poisons the surrounding atmosphere and destroys all other vegetation. "It will want pruning," says Lord Sankey; if it should prove as poisonous as seems likely, it will want pruning off the face of the earth with a very sharp sword! It is foolish to attempt to transplant to India the parliamentary tree which is already showing signs of decay at the roots of the British Empire.

The banyan itself does not shelter only men and women and harmless domesticated animals needing rest. There are trees of this species so wide-spreading that in the days before the establishment of the Pax Britannica large invading and marauding armies found in their shade rest and protection from sun and rain. They sheltered bands of predatory Pindaris and the stranglers called Thugs, whose depredations persisted for a thousand years before they were discovered and extirpated by English officers a century ago. Even now the banyan shelters not only the traveller and the herdsman and his flock. The tiger, the leopard, and the bear seek its grateful shade; serpents and scorpions lurk among the recesses of its gnarled roots; vultures perch on its topmost branches whence in the good old days of Swaraj, for which Bengali babus long, they descended to fatten on the victims of unrelieved famine and the frequent battlefields of contending hosts.

There is in the village of Assaye a great banyan tree on the field where Wellington defeated the Maratha armies in 1803—4,000 men against more than 40,000—where some 1,500 English soldiers and their native

comrades fell in battle in order to establish peace and security in India. In a hollow in this banyan a fakir lived who nightly lighted a lamp on the tomb of an English officer, perhaps that of the gallant Maxwell who was killed at the head of his XIXth Light Dragoons. There you may pick up bullets fired on that day when the ground shook with the tramp of infantry, the thunder of guns, and the myriad hoofs of charging cavalry; but for close upon 130 years the husbandmen have tilled their fields in peace and their village stands unmolested amid the crumbling ruins of its fort, behind whose walls in former days they could alone find refuge from marauding bands. If you want to see complete disarmament, go and view internal India—every village with its fort which has been derelict for over a hundred years; every mountain top crowned by a stronghold whose time-worn turrets and rocky walls are vacant save for the wild beasts, and whose great guns of a bygone age lie rusting in the rank undergrowth that springs beneath the battlements. The jungle has been let in!

Nearly forty years ago, when bound for the tiger-jungles beyond, my tent was pitched under a banyan tree at Umarkhed in the Northern part of the Nizam's Dominions. Here in the Maratha and Pindari War of 1817 a force under English officers attacked and destroyed a band of marauders whose main body they then besieged in the neighbouring fort of Nowah. The fort was taken by assault and all its defenders, who had been preying on the peasantry, were killed or wounded and captured. This was in days when large areas outside British territory were overrun by Pindari hordes who had a short way with the unfortunate inhabitants. The Pindaris were a military system of bandits who had their headquarters on the banks of the Narbada, where they shared with savage beasts the fastnesses of forest and mountain. They ranged the country in parties of a thousand or more, plundering the inhabitants and burning their villages. Every kind of torture was employed to induce the people to reveal the places where they concealed their property. Red hot irons were applied to the soles of their feet; a bag filled with hot wood-ashes was tied over the mouth and nostrils of the

victim, who was then beaten on the back to make him inhale the ingredients; oil was thrown on the clothes, which were then set on fire, and many other tortures were resorted to; the hands of children were cut off as the easiest way of obtaining their bracelets. Women were subjected to outrages compared with which torture and death were mercy; and numbers rushed upon self-destruction to escape this treatment. Women accompanied their male associates on these excursions and exceeded their companions in cruelty and rapacity. It is not surprising that, after this atrocious confederacy had been rooted out and destroyed, the Governor-General, the Marquis of Hastings, wrote that the people had been "delivered from a tyranny more systematic, more unremitting, more brutal than perhaps before trampled on humanity. Security and comfort were established where nothing but terror and misery before existed, nor this within a narrow sphere. It is a proud phrase to use, but a true one, that we have bestowed blessings upon millions." Now the Pindaris are forgotten almost in name; but those who know intimately the people and the history of India are well aware that the attempted establishment of self-government under the ægis of Indian politicians, mainly belonging to a timid and unwarlike race, would be followed by a recrudescence of these evils. Invading hordes would pour in over the passes of the North-West, and the first to cry out for the return of English rule would be the few politicians who remained alive.

Umarkhed a hundred years ago was infested by Thugs when that terrible and villainous organization was discovered, and its devotees were extirpated by English officers. The stranglers were generally in collusion with native local officials or other agents in the towns. A scene typical of many enacted throughout the peninsula took place near the town in 1830. A party of Indian merchants and their attendants were travelling to Nagpur with valuable merchandise on ponies and camels. Soon after leaving Umarkhed they were overtaken by a more numerous party with whom they entered into friendly conversation. They agreed to travel together for mutual protection, the larger party

representing themselves as pilgrims from the sacred shrine of Rameswaram. All were armed, for the roads were unsafe and they had to pass through intricate jungle where robbers might assail them, and where lurking tigers might seize stragglers.

At midday they all halted for rest beneath a great banyan tree, the "pilgrims" scattered among the merchants' party so that each of the latter was attended by one or more of their fellow-travellers. The scene was peaceful; in the tree above the little barbet hammered out his metallic notes, and black-faced langur monkeys sat in the branches, their tails hanging down like tendrils of the banyan; on every side resounded the voices of the forest, the bark of the deer, the cry of the peafowl, and the stridulation of cicadas.

Suddenly at a given signal from their leader each of the "pilgrims" cast a handkerchief about the neck of his selected victim, and in a moment all lay strangled in the throes of death. The grave-diggers who had gone on ahead had already prepared the burial place; all were thrown into the trench and covered up; in half an hour after they had come to rest under the banyan tree all traces had been removed, and the Thugs proceeded on their way, the leaders riding the ponies, others taking charge of the camels, and all appearing like a party of ordinary travellers.

So, to those who know India, the associations of the banyan tree are not all peaceful and beneficent; the rhetoricians of the Round Table may well pause and think before they scatter more of their seed; where they sow, others may have to reap the whirlwind.

Scientific Management and Industrial Psychology

By W. F. Watson

SCIENTIFIC management in industry was the direct outcome of the development of machinery and was the generalization derived from analysis of experiments in management of workshop operations which had been stimulated by problems arising out of certain industrial conditions. The second industrial revolution which characterized (in America) the latter part of the nineteenth century—the rapid expansion of transportation which consolidated local markets into a national market; the increase of raw materials and labour-saving machinery; the increase of population through immigration and the consequent increase in production and consumption capacity; and the resultant rapid development of large organizations to secure the advantages of large-scale production and distribution gave rise to serious problems of management, especially that of supervising and co-ordinating the work of men whose craftsmanship was being seriously menaced by the machine, and who were no longer in daily contact with the employer.

A solution of the problem was first sought along the line of differential wage systems on the grounds that payment by results would create an incentive to workmen to adapt themselves to the new methods of production, but the rapid development of mass production rendered it imperative that attention should also be directed to such necessary mechanisms as cost systems, departmentalization and systemization. As a result of many years' experiment and investigation, Frederick W. Taylor, who in 1880 was gang boss in a machine shop in the Midvale Steel Co., Philadelphia, evolved a system of scientific management known throughout the world as the "Taylor System," which, briefly stated, was designed to simplify and standardize all operations, prepare material and equipment and direct the flow of work, to plan the sequence of operations and check performance against

plans in order to maintain standards, and the study of physical, mental, and temperamental characteristics required in workers for any particular operation.

The fundamental weakness of the system lay in the fact that its sponsors regarded the workman as a machine, and endeavoured to force all workmen into a standardized method of working regardless of individual differences.

The " Taylor System " came to this country during the first years of the present century, and I worked in some shops where attempts were made to enforce it in all its nakedness. An extremely complicated system of premium bonus was taking the place of piecework and straight time or hourly work—a system so intricate that few mechanics understood its working, a fact which in itself earned their intense hatred and opposition. Time limits were fixed by means of charts, drawn up by experts and based upon time and movement study, a small percentage (arrived at by guesswork) being added to the time limit thus computed, to allow for the inevitable delays, rests, tool breakages, etc. Attached to each machine was a chart indicating what feeds and speeds should be employed on different metals, and " feed and speed " men were detailed to ensure that the mechanics were running at the proper speed according to the chart. All emery wheels and grindstones were removed from the shop and men were not allowed to grind their own tools. Tools, already ground to theoretic angles on special machines by unskilled men, were issued from the stores, and when a tool became dull the operator was expected to return it to the stores where it would be changed for another. No man was permitted to leave his machine except to obey the laws of Nature, and even then he was timed ! Labourers were supposed to do the running about for tools, gauges, jigs, and fixtures.

From the beginning of the first industrial revolution, when the " Luddites " went around the country smashing machinery because of the widespread prejudice (not altogether without foundation) that its uses lessened the demand for labour, the workers have, for the same reason, stubbornly opposed machinery and speeding-up methods, using the more subtle weapons of passive

resistance and sabotage. So it was with the "Taylor System."

There is individuality in grinding a tool. A man may be perfectly competent to grind his own tools to his entire satisfaction, but no man can grind my tools as I like them ground. So, what we did was to ignore the regulations, and if we wanted to sharpen a tool, we simply cajoled the tool-room foreman to allow us to touch it up ourselves. If the time-limit on a job was excessive, we went "ca'canny" to hang the time out, and if the time was insufficient, we also adopted "ca'-canny," and lodged a complaint with the foreman. Should the "feed and speed" man attempt to interfere, we either threatened him with, and sometimes applied (if we were big enough), physical violence, or we politely invited him to increase the speed himself, knowing full well (having provided for it) that as soon as he did so the job would be spoilt. When the bonus clerk came along to time the job with a watch, it was not difficult to persuade a clerk who knew nothing about such things that the metal was "tough," by manipulating the tool so that it would not cut. The charts disappeared from the machines, despite the vigilance of the management. Harassed by the employers and bullied by the employees, the "feed and speed" men had such a rotten time of it that no one could be persuaded to accept the position. One I knew personally became mentally deranged and another worried himself into an early grave. By such tactics—passive resistance and sabotage—the system was rendered almost unworkable. The emery wheels were put back into the shops, "feed and speed" men disappeared altogether, the complex bonus system gave place to one more simple, and wise rate-fixers began to arrange time limits in consultation with the men. To quote from a recent article by Dr. Charles S. Myers, the well-known psychologist, "when the worker saw his craft knowledge passing through time and movement study, into the hands of management, when he was forced, like a robot, into adopting a style and method of work which might not be the best suited to him, when he was faced with the monotonies of extreme specialization and with the risks of unemployment due to increased

introduction of labour-saving appliances—is it surprising that he adopted an attitude of violent opposition to this so-called 'Scientific Management'?"

But when industrial psychologists assert—as they *do* assert—that all this has been changed by industrial psychology, they are making a sweeping statement which cannot be substantiated in fact. Moreover, and I speak from actual experience, the opposition of the workers to industrial psychology is not many degrees less violent than their opposition to the "Taylor System" of scientific management.

It is quite true that industrial psychologists aim at, and to some extent succeed in, treating the wage earner as a human being, and that by introducing into industry improvements in mental and bodily conditions of work, by the study of such things as lighting, heating, ventilation, movements of the body, cultivation of interest in work, avoidance of fatigue, occupational guidance and selection, the National Institute of Industrial Psychology has achieved great success in making monotonous tasks less irksome and, in many instances, in vastly improving the working conditions of wage earners. But there is still that tendency to regard the worker as an industrial unit (like a machine), as it were, something upon which one may experiment in order to secure greater efficiency and output—and a corresponding lack of understanding of the human element in industry. This is not so very difficult to understand.

The industrial psychologist, we are told, does not pay a few hours' or a few days' visit to a shop, write out a report of recommendations, and then pass on to another factory. His duty is to soak himself in the conditions of the factory concerned, often to carry out himself the actual operations he is studying, and always to observe the difference between good and bad workmen. He endeavours to establish proofs of his improvements by collecting comparable data of output, spoilt work, labour turnover, sickness, etc., and by ascertaining the views of the workmen over weeks or months before, after, and during the changes he has introduced. But that is not quite the same as being a wage earner.

To work side by side for a period in a cotton mill, in

an engineer's workshop, on a railway, or down a mine, for the purpose of studying men and women in their capacity as wage earners is entirely different to being compelled to earn a precarious living as a cotton operative, a mechanic, a railwayman or a miner. Even though the conscientious investigator *does* soak himself in the conditions of the factory wherein he is conducting experiments, and himself carry out the operations, even though, during the months he is pursuing his studies, he actually *lives with* the workers, he is not, after all, " dependent upon what the merest breath of adversity may in a moment dispel," and he is ever conscious of the fact that he is an industrial psychologist studying the worker, and not himself a wage earner. Consequently, with the best intentions in the world, he cannot hope thoroughly to understand the psychology of the workers; the most he can do is to diagnose the wage earner and his working conditions, postulate theories as to what is wrong, and suggest methods of improvement—*the wage earner alone actually knows.*

A close study of the numerous reports, articles, pamphlets, and speeches of industrial psychologists, employers, and politicians when dealing with the subject, tends to support this contention. As a rule they are frightfully wearisome and abstract, understanding of the human factor in industry is lamentably lacking, the phraseology and terminology are so involved as to be almost unintelligible to the ordinary person and, in addition, rarely relevant to the every-day life of the wage earner. Let me quote a case in point. At a dinner held some time ago by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, Lord Balfour (president), in replying to the toast of " The Institute," said among other things: " Was it not true that labour of every kind was imperfectly applied if the workman, be he a man of science, or a poet, or a writer, were not interested in his work? " Of course it is true, and equally true of the miner, dustman, engineer or scavenger, railwayman or cotton operative, carpenter, tailor, tinker, or shoemaker. "An artist friend of his," continued Lord Balfour, " took the view that it was so delightful to paint pictures that you might almost charge the artist extra taxation for

the privilege of using paint, brushes, and canvas." Exactly! No doubt it *is* delightful to paint pictures, but one would like to meet a fireman on an Atlantic liner who took the view that it was so delightful to shovel coal into a furnace at so many tons an hour, that you might almost charge the stoker extra taxation for the privilege of using a shovel.

Imagine an artist, or a scientist, or an author, or a musician, or a philosopher, being compelled to rise at six o'clock on a cold winter morning and, after snatching a hastily-prepared meal, rushing off to catch trams, trains, and buses from, say, Plaistow to Wandsworth, in order to reach the laboratory or study precisely at half-past seven, there to remain under the close surveillance of irascible foremen, managers, rate-fixers, progress clerks, and the like, for eight or nine hours, with only a brief hour's break for a scratch meal! Just imagine such men being forced, like robots, to adopt a style and method of work not best suited to them, to be timed when performing Nature's functions, and to produce pictures, etc., to a standard pattern and size! Fortunately for culture, the life and work of artists, scientists, and the like are not regulated by "Taylor Systems," and industrial psychology. If they were, it is not at all unlikely that interest in their work would have a distinct tendency to wane.

The principal difference between the "Taylorians" and the industrial psychologists is that, whilst the former endeavoured to improve efficiency by ascertaining the one best way to do a job and then compelling all workers to adopt that method, the latter lays particular stress on individual differences, and aims at greater efficiency by having regard to those differences, and by paying proper attention to the health, comfort, and contentment of the wage earners. And, as has been said, the National Institute of Industrial Psychologists can claim many successes. In a certain operation in one factory, the number of times of stooping was reduced from 112 to 8, a remarkable achievement. In another factory, by introducing suitable rest pauses, sickness was reduced by 25 per cent. In another case the setting up time of a press was reduced by 20 per cent., and the idle time on

some machines was reduced from 11·3 to 0·75 minutes for every hundred pounds of material handled. In the assembly department of a telephone factory an annual saving of £1,500 was effected by movement and time study. By the elucidation and prevention of irritation and worry in a tea-shop, breakages were reduced by 53 per cent., and in a restaurant by 44 per cent.; and a reduction of 50 per cent. in spoilt work was effected in the making of rubber boots. Again, in a printing works, walking distances were reduced by 50, 59, and 40 per cent. in three different departments. The Institute has also to its credit valuable work in the direction of occupational guidance and selection. In Messrs. Rowntree's York sweet factory, for instance, the misfits, i.e., square pegs in round holes, were reduced from between 20 and 25 per cent. to between 1 and 5 per cent.

This is all to the good. To reduce unnecessary stooping and movements and walking, to eliminate irritation and worry, to reduce sickness, and to place persons in suitable posts must benefit the wage earners besides increasing efficiency, and there is little doubt that industrial psychology has a great future before it, especially in occupational guidance and selection. But at present, and we must needs deal with present things, it can only hope to be successful in those industries producing commodities for which there is always a demand—bread, chocolate, cocoa, cigarettes, soap, and the like. In these factories the labour, largely female, is mainly unskilled and semi-skilled, and employment is fairly secure because of the absence of slack seasons. Such firms are not unlike Government establishments. Employees are engaged upon leaving school, often through the after-school care committees, and they usually settle down to a permanent job. Many girls leave upon marriage, and some men, not caring for the humdrum life of a regular job, seek fresh woods and pastures new, but others remain until they reach the age laid down in the pension scheme most of these firms carry. In such circumstances, there being little fear of dismissal, the employees raise no objections to any attempts to increase efficiency, especially if the work is made easier in the process. But what about shipbuilding

and engineering, transport, mining, spinning, weaving, and building—those great industries where employment is in a continual state of flux, and where the workers live in perpetual fear of the grim spectre of unemployment and its attendant privations? It seems little short of futile to talk about time and study movement, promoting interest in work, and increased efficiency and output until the problem of insecurity of employment is first solved!

Desire for security of employment, born of the struggle for existence, is the dominating human factor in the life of the wage earner—the corollary of which is fear of the sack—and all actions are subservient to this factor. "How will this affect my job?" is the thought running sub-consciously through the mind of the workman when new methods of production are introduced. "If," he reasons, "by adopting this new idea I can do my job in less time, I shall be doing more work each week, which means that my job may not last so long and I shall get the sack. I'm not going to work myself out of a job." And who can blame him for so thinking? He has little or no knowledge of economics, and he regards everything in terms of the weekly pay envelope. The knowledge that there are thousands of unemployed, and that more workers are being displaced by improved methods, makes the wage earner look with disfavour on all innovations.

Despite the claim of Dr. Myers that "all this has been changed by industrial psychology," the workers' craft knowledge is still passing into the hands of management *via* the omnipotent machine, the monotonies of extreme specialization have not been nullified, and the risks of unemployment are greater to-day then ever they were. Let me quote a few cases. As the direct result of the installation of an improved method of treating the leaf in a tobacco factory, fifty men and women were discharged, only thirty-five employees being necessary to do the work of eighty. Between 1920 and 1928, no less than 70 per cent. of the skilled workers in the glass industry lost their employment owing to the development of machinery. A trench digger, capable of doing as much digging in one hour as fifty men can collectively

do in a day, has been put on the market. Not many weeks ago it was announced that in Messrs. Rowntree's York factory (where industrial psychology has been successfully applied): "It has been decided that owing to the progressing development of labour-saving machinery the staff shall be reduced by one hundred men, classed as unskilled." In fairness to Messrs. Rowntree it must be stated that the firm offered to contribute £2 per week in respect of every displaced man to anyone who would employ them at not less than 55s. a week with a prospect of a permanency, and, I believe, every man was so placed. Would that all employers would do the same!

Industrial psychology has been applied to mining. "The psychologist," we read, "therefore set out to train the less expert workers to use their picks in time with a metronome. As soon as they got into the swing the metronome was withdrawn, and it was found that the rhythmic beat was maintained. The result was that, apart from the reduction of fatigue and the awakening of a new interest in a hitherto monotonous job, the output actually increased by 16 per cent." Some time later, the Industrial Transference Board, appointed in January 1928 by the Minister of Labour, reported that there was a permanent surplus of 200,000 mine workers. It is not difficult to imagine miners taking a lively interest in the metronome, and just as a band induces rhythm into the movements of marching troops (who can resist falling into step when a military band is passing?), making the march more pleasant, so does the metronome impel the miner to swing his pick more regularly, the work becomes apparently less monotonous, and the output is enhanced. But when the novelty has worn off, when the miner realizes that although he has increased his output, the demand for coal is decreasing, that mines are closing down, that the probability of short time or the sack are imminent; and when he knows that employers are asking for lower wages and that poverty prevails in the coalfields, all the good work done by the metronome will be counteracted. It will become as hateful as the task itself, there will be a reversion to spasmodic movements, and production will fall to its former level.

"The reproach is sometimes made against industrial psychology," complains the senior investigator to the Industrial Fatigue Research Board, Medical Research Council, London, "that it is primarily interested in output." Is the reproach entirely undeserved? Is it not a fact that in the majority of cases greater stress is laid on the resultant increased output than on the health and comfort of the workers, when describing the advantages of industrial psychology? Granted that any new method in production must pay its way in order to justify itself, the principal reason the new science is not liked by the wage earner is because output is put first. The best way to improve efficiency is by making work easier and less monotonous by improving the health, happiness, and contentment of the employees. The industrial psychologist knows this—no one better—consequently he pays at least as much attention to the comfort of the workers as he does to anything else. And yet, when citing incidents, he invariably speaks in terms of increased output, the welfare of the wage earner being, as a rule, only casually mentioned.

"Anything that can cause the man, woman, the boy, the girl at the heavy or monotonous job to find ways of doing that job with *as great or greater efficiency and with* less strain, more comfort, more happiness—if solutions can be found along these lines, you will add more to *a combination of human efficiency and* human happiness than we politicians can hope to do by anything in our power." Thus spake Mr. Stanley Baldwin at the dinner already referred to. How much more beautiful and effective that sentence reads without the words I have italicized? And are they not superfluous?

That is why the reproach is made that industrial psychology is mainly concerned with output, and that is why workers do not take kindly to its introduction. "These people," they say suspiciously, "are not very much concerned about our welfare. It is true they advocate better lighting, heating, seating, ventilation, and the like in the factories, and it is also true that they are making work much easier and less irksome, but they only do these things to improve our efficiency and increase our capacity to produce. And if we increase

our output, our jobs become less secure as a result." This may be regarded as unsound reasoning, but anyone with intimate knowledge of the life of the worker will be bound to admit that there is ample justification for such reasoning, even though it is unsound.

It seems to me that all these scientific movements for improving efficiency make the common mistake of ignoring natural science. It is too often assumed that the wage earner has no interest in his work and that he takes a keen delight in shirking it. It is a fallacy, and I speak as one who has spent thirty years of his life in the workshop. Part of the charm of the average worker is that he is a mass of contradictions. Whilst in the factory, he is for ever swearing about his work, cursing the fates that placed him in that industry, and declaring in lurid language that he has no interest in the job. It is only a pose—the lamentations of a man chafing under irksome restrictions, and in daily fear of the sack. Every man, be he tinker, tailor, mechanic, miner, bricklayer, plasterer, or railwayman—even though the work be monotonous because of its sameness—he is interested in it and, when away from the factory, never tires of talking about " my job." Naturally enough this is particularly so with the craftsman. His function is to master material harder than himself—" remould it nearer to the heart's desire," as it were—in accordance with requirements and drawing. Craft pride is so strong, and the desire to prove superior to the material one is called upon to fashion is so keen, that monotony, restrictions, hatred of bosses are forgotten. When given a new job, he is as happy as a child with a new toy, especially if it be particular and accurate; and he will be the envy of his shopmates who will chaffingly accuse him of asking for the job. He pores over the drawing, lays out the operations to the best advantage, and he will be so interested in the task that he will often forget the flight of time. When the hooter blows he looks up with surprise and exclaims: " Bless me," or words to that effect, " I had no idea it was so late." The tragic pity of it all is that such fine characteristics are not properly appreciated, harnessed, and used to the best possible advantage.

Modern industry with its mass production and

labour-saving appliances, its standardization and departmentalization, demands scientific management—the lackadaisical methods of thirty years ago (still prevailing in some shops, by the way) are obsolete. It is necessary that many workers shall be employed on repetitive tasks which become monotonous. In endeavouring to de-monotonize (if one may use such a word) work, in studying proper lighting, heating, ventilation, and the general comfort and happiness of the workers; and by schemes of occupational guidance and selection (nothing is more deplorable than to see people employed on jobs they are not in the least suited for) industrial psychologists are undoubtedly on the right lines. They would be even more successful if they concentrated on humanizing working conditions regardless of output, and tried to cultivate the confidence of the wage earners by taking them more into their councils, and by treating them more as human beings than as subjects for time and movement study.

But the greatest problem of all is security of employment—the world-wide problem of unemployment. When that is solved and working conditions humanized, efficiency will of necessity improve, and increased output will follow as surely as night follows day.

The Defacing of France

By Norman Bentwich

I HAVE been motoring through France, down the valleys of the Loire and the Rhone and the whole length of the Riviera; and my mind should bear the imprint of stately churches and ornate châteaux, prosperous farmsteads and lovely bays. But it does not. It is saturated, instead, with visions of liquors and petrol, motor tyres and hotels. In so far as I can name advertisement after advertisement which has been flaunted before my eyes every minute of every day, the advertisers are justified. But for this the country is defaced! The Riviera has a lovely coast-line and a famous road running from St. Raphael to Menton. The surface of the road is excellent, the gradings are easy; the sea to the south is a lovely blue, the hills to the north are fine in outline and covered with picturesque villas and gardens or quaint villages. Nature, the ages, and modern science have combined to produce a perfect thing; and the makers of liquors, the refiners of oil, the manufacturers of motor tyres and the owners of hotels have contrived to spoil it. A blank wall without an advertisement has, for them, an irritatingly naked look, like a gap in a book-case; and so they have turned the Cote d'Azur into the Cote d'Annonces.

What is most amazing is the incongruity of the advertisement and the subject. The most luxurious hotels of the Riviera or the Brittany Coast choose to announce themselves by huge placards stuck to the walls of cottages or in the midst of fields, with nothing more illuminating than the information that Nice or Monte Carlo, Le Touquet or Dinard, is so many hundred kilometres away. The amount of kilometric guidance which is given to the traveller is baffling. For apparently no sign is complete without that appendage. There are said to be two schools of advertising: one that seduces your attention, the other that brutally attacks it. The French advertising agents appear to believe implicitly in the brutal attack.

Can it be good business? How many people, I

wonder, pay attention to the commodity advertised by this unsightliness? The native Frenchman must be utterly insensitive to the notices. If they struck him afresh each time he looked at them, he would either tear them down or go mad. To him they have become just a habit. And the visitor? Can he be anything but irritated against the advertiser and the thing advertised?

In the Holy Land the British administration brought out as its first law an order for the control of advertisements, and notices displayed in the countryside are entirely illegal. The managers of the big firms admit that the saving of expense to their business is enormous. The law forbids all persons to advertise in that way; and so there is no loss in not advertising. The excellence of goods must be proved in a more satisfactory and intelligent way. To-day, with the vast circulation of the Press and the cheapness of the post, these crudities which deface the countryside should be obsolete everywhere. They belong to an age long past.

It would, no doubt, be useless in France to seek to stop the offence by Legislation, or even by voluntary associations like the Society for the Preservation of Rural England. The French, as we have recently been reminded, cherish individual liberty above all things, even if it is the liberty to spoil their own country; and the French are a nation of small land-owners and small householders who would resent a proposal to prevent by law the owner of a hovel or a shed from letting his walls to the advertising agent, or the owner of a field by a hill-top from allowing it to be filled by as many strutting signs as can be placed on the point of vantage.

The remedy must come by making it not illegal but unprofitable to spoil the landscape by advertisements. Let the English visitors to the Riviera form a league to boycott the hotels and the manufacturers whose signs destroy the beauty of the roads.

"Avoid the advertised," should be their slogan. Let them say it and act on it, but let them not advertise it—on the roadside.

En Route for Russia

(1926)

By Anthony Mackeson

THERE is something strange in that swinging beam of light that flicks across the upper works of the steamer as it approaches Ostend. Absolute, fascinating regularity, and inevitable as fate itself. The beams sweep the upper works, lighting up in a greenish paleness the expectant faces of the passengers.

Engaged in a free-lance and rather desperate commercial venture, I was journeying for the first time East of France and for the first time to Russia. I had no hereditary connection with the country, neither of my parents had ever been there and, so far as I knew, none of my ancestors. Yet somehow, while at school, I had learnt Russian, and was immensely interested in the books, the theatre, and the life of the country. My instinct told me that in Russia I should find scope for action and that there I should somehow find relief from the intolerable load of dissatisfaction and impotence which was my unwelcome companion.

The February night was cold and clear. The lights in Ostend railway station blazed down on the carriages with an intense white light. I noticed with a thrill that my carriage bore a placard " Ostend–Warzawa " on its side. I had just finished installing my things and turning on and off all the switches, when a terrible din broke out on the platform. Rough French oaths, a stream of spitting curses in an unknown tongue, mingled together. There was a crash as some heavy body struck itself against the entrance to the carriage, and a furious bumping and banging along the corridor. My compartment door flew open and in shot a huge fat man, apparently surrounded with paper parcels, his eyes bulging with anxiety and wrath. After him staggered a porter, loaded with baggage and cursing below his breath. After a lurid interval of stowage, this latter was dismissed with a gratuity which brought forth one simple but profound curse from him, and a howl of rage from

the fat gentleman, who banged the door to savagely. Throwing himself back against the cushions and heaving a huge sigh, he fixed me with an intense stare and remarked loudly, "I am the Count ——, bound for Warsaw," just as if he had been a steamship.

I replied in kind, giving my destination as Moscow, whereupon the Count informed me that I should be tortured and then shot in the neck from behind, in exactly the same way as they had served his cousin in 1920. I was then questioned closely as to my family, business, prospects and education. "Ah! You are an engineer! Good! You must break your ridiculous journey at Warsaw and prepare me estimates for the supply of a sugar plant, a saw-mill, and a steam laundry." Brushing aside as absurd my protests that I knew nothing of the first and last items of his requirements, the Count told me I should stay at his flat while I prepared the estimates.

There are two ways of travelling in trains. In England, where trains travel fast and distances are short, one treats even a journey to Scotland rather as a glorified run in a tube-train. On the trans-continental trains, when journeys last for many days, your carriage becomes your home and you can arrange your belongings tastefully around and be content to roll slowly and steadily across vast tracts of land, looking out of the window if the country is interesting, and reading or writing, if it is dull. If I wanted a perfect rest-cure, I should travel overland with many books and little luggage to Harbin and back with absolutely no other object than that of travelling. Foolish people are lured away by those wickedly attractive posters of marine pleasure cruises.

The Count read French novels of doubtful taste, peeled and ate oranges in a patent and ingenious manner, and gave me his impressions of London, where he had been to place his daughter "au couvent." For some reason he had formed the impression that London was a cesspool of secret vice, and was frankly disappointed that he had been unable to pierce the veil. He had suffered terrible adventures in travelling on the 'buses and in the Underground, and I could well imagine his passages across London as vivid purple-yellow streaks of passionate misunderstandings.

On we rolled at a leisurely pace across the dim, frost-bound North European plain. Through Berlin, where the train stops at the Zoological Gardens and then ambles peacefully through the city, on through the barren sand lands and pine woods of East Prussia to the Polish frontier station with the charming name of Stensch, where we arrived late one evening. As we neared the frontier, the Count grew restless. He packed and re-packed his bags, threw about French novels and oranges, and in fact displayed every sign of nervous agitation. Finally he addressed me. "*Mon ami*, I ask you to do me a favour. I am taking to Warsaw a few little presents to my family, some watches and other trifling *bijouteries*. I have been hard hit by the war and cannot afford to pay the exorbitant duties my misguided country imposes on these objects. Now, it is well known that English travellers are not subjected, out of courtesy, to a rigid scrutiny by the customs officials," etc., *ad nauseam*. In fact, would I take care of the few little presents until the train was past these annoying formalities?

Now I had conceived a great affection for the Count. On the other hand, I felt sure he was exaggerating the old-world courtesy of Polish officials to our Island Race. If I was discovered and delayed, it would spell ruin to my plans. I placed these arguments gently before him and politely but firmly refused the rôle of conspirator. An interminable argument ensued, which was still in full swing as the train drew up at the frontier station. I was still clinging desperately to the anchor of prudence, and in order to avoid the offended and reproachful comments of the Count, I went out into the corridor. Presently, along came the passport officials closely followed by the customs sleuths, smart men in blue uniforms and armed to the teeth. They entered our compartment where the Count was seated, staring straight before him and blowing heavily through his nose, virtuously surrounded by bags and suitcases laid all ready for inspection. Immediately a vociferous and gusty verbal battle raged in Polish. It ascended in a crescendo scale and in about one minute the furious and indignant face of the Count appeared at the door. He shot out into the corridor, foaming with outraged dignity, hotly pursued by the officials. He

brushed past me and, as I drew aside, I felt a weighty package pressed violently into the pit of my stomach. I clutched at it wildly and managed to hold on to it. The customs officials swept past me in the full tide of the chase. Instinctively I knew that the Count, by a desperate manœuvre, had won.

I went into the compartment and furtively opened the parcel. There, to my horror, were no less than thirty gold wrist watches of a uniform pattern and bearing the name of a Regent Street jeweller. For what seemed an eternity I waited, clutching the infamous parcel beneath my coat. At length the Count returned, his face irradiated by a triumphant smile of virtue, and followed by the crestfallen officials. These latter asked me a few perfunctory questions, chalk-marked my bags and retired, beckoning me to follow them. With a sinking heart I obeyed, sure now that they must have seen the lightning movement of the Count as he transferred the parcel. Once in the corridor, however, the senior official explained in fantastic French that he regretted the scene of which I had been a witness and hoped I was not annoyed. The Count, he explained, was well known to them as an inveterate smuggler, who had been caught red-handed on two previous occasions and duty was duty, etc. I hastened to assure them that their treatment of me showed the highest courtesy and compared favourably with that of our British officials. We parted with handshakes and salutes. The day was saved.

The Count received me with profuse gratitude. I was surprised and relieved, as I thought he would have still been bitter about my refusal to help. "My boy! You saved the situation! I am eternally grateful. Those —— (some Polish endearment which sounded like 'Pishass') went away with a flea in their ears! They had the impertinence to make me strip almost to the skin." The Rubicon was crossed in my relations with the Count. From the mere friendship born of travel I passed into the alliance of confederacy. All the way to Warsaw he developed to me his theories of life and politics. They were beautifully medieval. He took not the slightest notice of the modernizing influence of railways and newspapers and telegraphs, but sternly condemned the

departures from feudalism, and the emancipation of women. His apartment in Warsaw delighted me. It was definitely oriental, the walls being hung with wonderful Bokhara rugs and dark oil paintings of stern Polish and Russian ancestors. There were hardly any chairs but broad divans round the walls, upholstered in rich tapestry.

Time was precious to me; so I decided to continue my journey to Moscow the next day and left for the Polish frontier in the morning. As we steamed out over the Vistula bridge, the sun was shining and flashing from the river and from the white tops of the houses. The train was almost empty and at lunch time in the dining-car there were only six passengers besides myself. In the afternoon the country suddenly changed its character. Before we had been rumbling through a vast flat plain of fertile land with neat fields and brick and stone houses. Now, with the approaching dusk we entered a rolling forest-covered area, gloomy and silent as the grave. Our train seemed to wake monstrous echoes as it wound through mile after mile of wooded track. Occasionally by the railway side, little settlements of yellow wooden houses huddled together in stark poverty amid lakes of mud and half-melted snow. The sun sank and reddened the horizon behind us in the West, and, silhouetted against the glare, the interminable line of the pine-tops stretched away and away into a dim haze as far as the eye could follow them. A great wave of loneliness and depression seemed to sweep on me from the East as I sat staring out of my window. The slow, inevitable progress of the train, the grim outlines of the forest and the lurid, menacing glow of the evening sun, seemed to combine in a sinister and primitive conspiracy to rob me of my courage. I sat huddled in my empty compartment and thought that, after all, life is very much like travelling in a railway train to a destination you have no idea of. You can look a certain distance ahead and behind, if you take the trouble to lean out of the window and risk catching a cold or getting your head knocked off by a passing train. Your best view is looking out at the passing countryside, but even if you see anything very attractive or very wrong, you cannot do much about it, as by the

time you have made up your mind to get out of the train, you are miles away from your objective. Occasionally a person does jump out of the train of life and walk back to some place he would like to stay in. He is called an "eccentric" or "crank." More often someone keeps lowering the window and looking out ahead and reporting what he sees to the people in his compartment, or even, if he is very energetic, to the whole train. The ordinary travellers call him a "visionary" or "prophet" and more often than not they say he is an infernal nuisance, both for opening the window and letting the cold air in, and for interrupting them by telling them things they are not the least bit interested in. He seldom is a respected member of his own compartment, but sometimes he goes into another and tells the people there what he has seen and they get interested and pat him on the back. But most of the travellers never look out of the windows at all, they are too busy playing cards and taking money from each other.

The light was going fast when we entered Baranovitz. I got out and walked up and down the long platform. There was not a breath of wind and everything seemed deathly still after the ceaseless rolling noises of the train. Only the faint hiss of steam from the engine and the low, repressed tones of people talking from inside the station buildings disturbed the quiet. There were a few soldiers with full equipment and with fixed bayonets on the platform and some peasants. In spite of the evening calm the whole atmosphere of the place seemed charged with expectancy. It seemed to me that everyone was anxiously looking to the East and waiting for something rather unpleasant they expected to come from that quarter. After walking up and down for some time, I got back into the train and went down the corridors to see who was going on into Russia. Baranovitz is the last station before the frontier. The train was now really quite empty. Only in the first carriage near the engine two men were sitting playing chess. As I passed, they looked up quickly and rather furtively. One man said something and the other laughed and looked at me again. I went back to my compartment and sat down and felt more lonely than ever. At length the train

moved—but backwards towards Warsaw. I had a sudden hope that it really was going back to the West and that they had decided not to go on to the frontier. I would go back with it and give up this ridiculous idea of going to Soviet Russia and stay with the Count in Warsaw instead and enjoy myself. The train jolted over some points and came to a halt. A whistle blew and we jerked into motion again, but this time forward, and curved away to the right of the station. I jumped to the window and looked out. The last red glow of the sunset was disappearing behind us and a single light in the station was flickering. With gathering speed we were bending away Eastwards into the darkness.

Even as I leant there by the window with the cool night air in my face, the depression which had grown over me through the day seemed to vanish like magic. A marvellous carefree happiness invaded my whole being. I felt it did not matter what happened and that great experiences were ahead. I could not keep still but started to walk up and down the length of the deserted train. I looked in again at my two fellow-travellers. They had finished their game, and from being like spectral figures in a nightmare, they appeared as two quite cheerful ordinary men, talking and laughing. Soon the train drew up at the frontier post of Stolptze and after a short halt while passports were examined, a guard of Polish soldiers boarded the train and we set off through the five miles of no-man's-land dividing Poland and Soviet Russia. The moon had risen and the pale radiance of her light slashed the wild and barren pine-land with fantastic patches of greenish-white and black. After a few minutes the brakes ground on and we stopped. From in front came the sound of marching feet, and into the beam of light from the carriage window there appeared a squad of soldiers in long khaki overcoats reaching to their ankles. They wore conical cloth helmets with a large red star in the front. The Officer had a huge cavalry sabre attached to his belt. They boarded the train further down, and we moved off into Soviet territory. My adventure had formally begun.

The Tragedy of Thomas Carlyle

A New Interpretation

By Professor Charles Sarolea

In venturing to challenge the many conventional interpretations and glorifications which have recently appeared on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Carlyle's death and in attempting a new interpretation, I ought to state from the outset that I do not belong to the esoteric circle of Carlyle Worshippers. I am not, I never was, a disciple. My philosophy of religion or ethics or politics is not his philosophy. My standards and values are not his standards and values.

But although I do not belong to the inner circle, I have never ceased to be an admirer of Carlyle's genius. And for that reason I can only welcome that remarkable revival of interest in his work and personality which seems to me one of the most interesting phenomena in the spiritual life of our generation. If anyone had been asked, thirty years ago, whether the works of Carlyle were still being read by the younger generation, he would probably have been told that, like so many of the great Victorians, like Browning and Tennyson, George Eliot and Froude, Robert Peel and Gladstone, Carlyle was "a spent force" and had entered the limbo of eternal silence. It has turned out, however, that the news of Carlyle's death has been very much exaggerated. This so-called "spent force" is much more living to-day than it was when the unknown young Scotsman first startled the world of letters more than a century ago. Sceptics may tell us that the Carlyle revival is but a passing phase, that it cannot last, if for no better reason than the fact that he challenges every one of the political and social doctrines which find most favour in our democratic and demagogic days. But even sceptics cannot ignore the ever swelling Carlyle literature which is being poured out in a continuous stream and which has been exploring every

aspect of his personality, every problem of his philosophy. According to the latest and perhaps the ablest authority, the Scoto-American Professor Dunn, there have appeared for the last few years no fewer than twenty-six volumes on the Froude-Carlyle controversy alone.

Nor can the sceptics fairly argue that the works of Carlyle are beginning to show the wrinkles of age; that they are beginning to "date." On the contrary, after a hundred years, one may fairly argue that they are more timely, more "actual" than they were on their first publication. One might even say that his writings make a stronger appeal to the present age than to his contemporaries, for, as is the inevitable fate of all prophets, it is only to-day that his prophecies are being fulfilled. One need not ask oneself, because one knows, what Carlyle, if he were still amongst the living, would think of the present condition of England. Nor need we inquire to which Party he would belong, if he had been writing to-day. He would not belong to any party. He would denounce all our parties and all their wicked works. But more vehemently than any party, he would denounce the Socialists and their sentimental philanthropy. He would hold up his hands in despair at the monstrous abuses of the "dole." He would curse the "flapper vote." He would denounce the Egyptian Treaty, the Round Table Conference and the Trades Disputes Act. He would burst out in vituperative metaphors against the cant and rant of our Parliamentary talking shop and against our professional stump orators. He would dismiss with contempt every one of our political catchwords and battle cries. He would proclaim the final and irretrievable bankruptcy of Democracy. He would clamour for a dictatorship. In 1831 Carlyle might still be looked upon as the rising hope of the young radicals. To-day he would be the last hope and the last asset of the extreme conservative. Perhaps the most pressing need of the Conservative party in this year of grace 1931 is the possession of a constructive creed. To assist us in formulating such a creed may I suggest that we could do no better than study "Past and Present," the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" and "Shooting Niagara?"

I have said that I cannot claim to be a disciple of

Carlyle. Still less can I claim to be a disciple of his disciples and to agree with the current interpretations which they give of his personality, his writings and message. The most usual and conventional interpretation of Carlyle is that he fought a lifelong battle or rather succession of battles with himself and with the outside world, facing poverty, neglect, bitter and persistent hostility born of ignorance and stupidity, but that in the end he achieved a triumphant victory and that the sunset of his career was a glorious apotheosis. The distressing truth is that Carlyle did not win any of his battles. He lost them all. Whether we consider him in his public or private life, whether as a philosopher or as an historian, his destiny was not to achieve any triumphant victories. Rather was his life a tragic failure, or a monotonous series of tragic failures.

The history of his domestic life is a dismal and indeed a terrible story. He married a woman of rare and exquisite genius who was endowed with all the gifts of the fairies—wit, beauty, grace, charm, brilliant conversational powers. She was passionately devoted to him and he was equally devoted to her. Yet he made his wife's existence one long martyrdom. Again and again he drove her to the brink of madness and suicide. A cynic might say that perhaps she was only saved from self-destruction by her devotion to her little dog Nero. So impossible had the relations between the ill-matched and ill-starred couple become that even on their frequent holidays and interminable wanderings they nearly always preferred to go their separate ways: when Carlyle travelled north, Mrs. Carlyle travelled south. Only after her death the bereaved husband discovered the ghastly truth of his married life and the discovery caused him pangs of remorse and poisoned his old age to the bitter end.

Scottish interpreters of Carlyle seem mainly concerned in emphasising the native traits in his character and the Scottish influences in his philosophy. They present him to us as a glorified exemplar of the Scottish people. In a sense this is true. Carlyle certainly was a Scotsman to the inmost core of his being. He had all the virtues—especially the unamiable and repellent virtues—and he

had all the shortcomings which characterise the representative Scotsman. But Scotland was not destined to be his home or the centre of his activities. He became that pathetic object, the Scot uprooted from his mother-earth and transplanted into an uncongenial soil. Scotland not only refused to give him a living but did not recognize his genius until long after the whole world had given him recognition. He was therefore driven into exile and, as years passed, he became more and more estranged from his native country. For all practical purposes he was lost to Scotland. From his student days, although destined for the ministry, he was out of sympathy with her religious life. The great spiritual awakening which we associate with the work of Dr. Chalmers and the secession of the now reunited Free Kirk left no traces in his work. He abandoned the faith of his fathers. He even ceased to be a believer in Christianity and in consequence was distrusted and denounced as an atheist and an apostate. Bitterly did he feel the estrangement. More and more did he become alienated and less and less was he interested either in the past or present destinies of his own people. Apart from his essay on Sir Walter Scott, whom he came to look upon as a mere entertainer, and his character sketches of Burns and John Knox, he made no permanent contribution to Scottish literature or history. The recorded authentic history of a nation is its most priceless heritage. Carlyle did not add to that heritage. And yet he seemed to be providentially appointed to write the annals of his race. Above all others he was qualified to do so. He might have given us that history of Scotland which has never been written, and which, if Carlyle had written it, would have been a "possession for ever." He turned away from the task. It was an irreparable loss to Scottish literature. Instead of giving us a History of the Scottish Revolution of the sixteenth century, he preferred to write the History of the French Revolution of the eighteenth century. Instead of giving us a History of the Stuarts he wrote the dreary annals of the Hohenzollern. And thus the greatest and most typical Scottish prophet of his age refused to be the inspired voice and the spiritual leader of his people. One thinks of Moses turning away from

writing the chronicles of the Chosen People and being content to write the Chronicles of the Philistines and Amalekites.

But if Carlyle could no longer travel along the old Christian road, he was to travel by a new road. He had discovered the German road. He had ceased to believe in Christ, but he continued to believe in Luther. A great deal has been written on the German phase of Carlyle's career, and most of it is contrary to the truth. Facing the facts as they are, we find that if Carlyle's relation to Scotland is a sad paradox, even more perplexing is his relation to Germany. Many critics persist in describing him mainly as the pioneer and the interpreter of a new German Gospel. But it seems to me that in seeing Carlyle against the German background, we obtain an even more blurred and confusing picture than when we see him against a Scottish background. It is true that, following in the footsteps of Mme. de Staël, Carlyle revealed a new Germany to the British public and that this revelation marks an epoch in English literature. Unfortunately, in discovering Germany Carlyle seems to have lost himself. He went out in quest of the Holy Grail, but he failed to reach the goal. Personally, I am firmly convinced that the German influence on Carlyle was a bad influence. It brought out all those defects which were already latent in his temperament. It hardened his prejudices. It made him more narrow, more one-sided. It only thickened the Scottish mists which were obscuring his genius. The German Tarnkappe turned out indeed to be a helmet of invisibility. It often wraps his meaning in a mystical cloud. It often makes him impenetrable to the most keen-sighted student. Teutonism could do little for him, for the simple reason that he was already too much of a Teuton.

It will be objected that the German influence brought him at least one inestimable boon. It revealed to him the spiritual wealth and wisdom of Goethe. It imbued him with the spirit of Weimar. I, for one, am convinced that the influence of Goethe on Carlyle has been enormously exaggerated and misunderstood. I fully admit that if Carlyle had retained his allegiance to Goethe, he might have been saved from himself. Unfortunately,

between the two there was a gulf and that gulf widened as time passed. For Goethe, like Emerson, incarnated those very ideals which Carlyle repudiated. He incarnated the spirit of serene wisdom, of repose and harmony, of sympathy and toleration, the reconciliation of Paganism and Christianity, of Protestantism and Catholicism, of the Renaissance and the Reformation, of Teutonism and Latinism. He incarnated the abhorrence of protestant sectarianism, the acceptance of the Roman and Greek tradition. Of the Hellenic–Latin tradition there is hardly a trace in the works of Carlyle. The more I compare either the philosophy or the spirit of Goethe, the more difficult do I find it to detect any "Wahlverwandschaften," any elective affinities, and the more irresistible appears to me the conclusion that the Goethe episode is only a transitory phase and a brief pause in Carlyle's restless spiritual wanderings.

What one might call the first phase of Carlyle's "Lehrjahre and Wanderjahre," the Goethe episode or the Weimar episode, ended in disappointment. But the second phase, the Prussian phase, ended in disaster. Carlyle turned away from the old Germany of his youth and gave his allegiance to the new Germany built up by the genius of Bismarck. That new Germany supplied Carlyle both with his main historical theme and his fundamental political principles. He devoted ten wretched years (uttering his misery in constant moans and groans) to the glorification of the Prussian State and the sinister hero who laid its foundations. Little did he anticipate that the Prussian State which he extolled, the Prussian spirit and the Prussian ideals which he preached, were soon to become a menace to the world and that he would himself become an indirect participator, an accessory before the crime, an active though unconscious protagonist in the greatest catastrophe of human history.

Having thus become obsessed and possessed, like Nietzsche, whom he resembles much more than he resembles Goethe, with a mystical belief in the existence of Supermen and of a Super-race and having become convinced that the Super-race was the Teutonic race, that the Supermen were Frederick the Great and Bis-

marck, being conscious also that the Frenchman was the hereditary enemy of the Teuton, Carlyle almost inevitably developed a fanatical antagonism to France. From the beginning Carlyle's attitude to every thing French was one of unmitigated hostility, of almost passionate contempt. France and Paris became to Carlyle what Italy and Rome were to Luther. To Luther the Italy of Michel-Angelo and Savonarola, of Leonardo da Vinci and Titian was a sink of iniquity, Rome was the Scarlet Woman. Similarly to Carlyle the France of the first and of the third Napoleons was a decadent country, the French people were a nation of robbers and highwaymen. Balzac and Georges Sand, Victor Hugo and Lamartine were the high priests of a Phallus worship. (*See* the almost insane Letter to the *Times* on the Franco-German war.)

This uncompromising hostility was partly a matter of upbringing and temperament. Carlyle was repelled by France for the very same reasons which attracted him to Germany. But the hostility was also partly due to inauspicious circumstances. He came under French influence at a most unfortunate moment and rather late in life. He was caught in the conservative reaction against the eighteenth century which followed the French Revolution and in the nationalist reaction which followed the Napoleonic Wars. On the other hand, he entered on his French studies when his intellectual constitution had already hardened and his prejudices had already struck deep roots. Moreover, Carlyle's French studies were never more than superficial and second-hand. His acquaintance with French literature and history was largely limited to half a dozen eighteenth century writers. All through life he remained ignorant of the writings of the constructive French thinkers as well as the achievements of constructive French statesmen. He was lamentably unfamiliar with the history of the French Middle Ages, when the French people were leading and indeed rebuilding the Western World. He was unacquainted with the classical age, with the leaders of the Gallican movement and with the reforming movement within the Catholic Church. He knew not Pascal or Bossuet, Arnauld or Tillemont, Fleury or Mabillon. He was unacquainted with the giants of Benedictine scholarship whose labours paved

the way for Gibbon and Mommsen. Even if he had been acquainted with constructive French thought, he could not have done justice to it because that French thought had steadily been running in Catholic channels. And everything which savoured of Catholicism was to Carlyle a base idolatrous superstition. It has to be added that even his laborious preparatory studies of the French Revolution were entirely second-hand, and that therefore his masterpiece, whilst it is a miracle of descriptive narrative, is almost grotesque as a philosophical analysis.

One significant example will illustrate Carlyle's deliberate antagonism to France. One might have thought that he would have felt for Calvin some of the admiration which he felt for Luther. For Calvin is not only a much bigger brain and a much more heroic figure than Luther, but, what is even more to the purpose, Calvin is the spiritual father of John Knox, whom Carlyle worshipped, and he is the master-builder of modern Scotland. Yet so instinctive is Carlyle's hostility to France that Calvin fails to enlist the interest or evoke the admiration of the historian. The explanation is obvious: Calvin, with his rigid formulas, his trenchant logic, his scholastic training, is typically representative of the French mind. The French hall-mark is sufficient to alienate Carlyle's sympathies.

I have thought it necessary to emphasize the superficial quality of Carlyle's French studies and his ineradicable prejudices, because they alone can explain to us why his references to French problems and personalities are generally misleading when they are not ludicrous. For instance, what could be more grotesque than the leitmotiv which is constantly recurring in his writings: that the French people incurred the displeasure of the Almighty, because in the sixteenth century they sinned against the Holy Ghost, because they rejected the religious truth which was offered to them and to which a God-fearing German people had opened their hearts? It seems an extraordinary paradox to assert that the French people did sin against the Light, simply because they rejected a Calvinistic dogma which was entirely alien to their national temperament and their historical traditions. The paradox seems all the stranger when we remember that Carlyle

himself rejected that very same Calvinistic dogma, although it was the creed of his fathers.

This wilful, uncompromising renunciation of everything French, this sweeping condemnation of French culture, resulted in a self-mutilation of Carlyle's genius. It distorted his whole perspective of European history. An honest attempt to assimilate or at least to understand the French spirit would have supplied those vital elements which were lacking in his composition. It would have widened his sympathies and broadened his outlook. It would have revealed to him the secret of European civilization. For it may be said of French civilization what was said of Gibbon's " Decline and Fall " : France is the splendid bridge which connects the ancient world and the new. France is the lineal descendant of whatever is abiding and valuable in the Greco-Roman tradition.

I am coming to another discordant factor in Carlyle's life. Throughout his career he aspired to play a political part. It was his ambition to guide the affairs of the nation. Like Victor Hugo and Lamartine, he imagined that by nature and temperament he was pre-eminently a man of action. He was born not to write history but to make it. The people whom he admired were neither the men of letters and the poets, nor the artists who created beautiful things, but the strong, silent, inarticulate men who did the big things—Frederick the Great, Wellington, Bismarck. Inspired by that proud ambition, he kept up a continuous intercourse with the great men of the political world, the representatives of the ruling aristocracy. He spent six months of the year leading a nomadic life, moving from one country house to another. Too late in life he realized that the ruling political class had no use for him, that the English people preferred to be led by a clever Jewish adventurer rather than by a Scottish prophet. Nor did he realize that a man of action, if he is to succeed, must work in co-operation with others, must gain the support of his followers, must humour their weaknesses; that, indeed, in our modern democracy any political leader must be prepared to follow. Too late again did he discover that he was not made to work in harness, that it was his destiny to plough his lonely furrow.

Finding no scope in the sphere of action, he had to fall back on the profession of letters. If he could not make history, he could at least write it. But alas! here again he was up against an unfortunate temperamental idiosyncrasy. He loathed the process of composition. He lacked the gift of spontaneity. He was slow and inarticulate. He could only write in the white heat of inspiration. Therefore every book which he wrote was a painful ordeal and a prolonged torture. Every page which he put together was written with his life-blood. He did not feel, like the born artist, the joy of creation. He despised art and he despised words. And he found to his unspeakable disgust that it was as an artist, as a master of words and images and metaphors, that he was admired and appreciated.

It was one of the central convictions of Carlyle's nature that the aim of human life is not to attain happiness for one's self or to give happiness to others. No! the one purpose of life is to discover the truth. He consistently acted on this assumption. In the search for truth he sacrificed not only his own happiness but the happiness of those who were dear to him. He found, however, after many a bitter experience, that it is much easier to expose a lie than to discover the truth, and that the most difficult task of all is to make the truth accepted by mankind. He was convinced that he had a message to deliver, but the world could never understand what that message was, and even the few who thought they understood did not listen. When he did deliver his most important political utterances, "Past and Present" and the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," he raised a storm of indignation in the Radical and Liberal camps. He faced the storm in a mood of stern defiance and challenge.

The publication of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" which not only alienated some of Carlyle's most loyal friends, such as Stuart Mill, but frightened away a considerable part of his readers, compels me to refer to another melancholy aspect of Carlyle's life and to dispel another legend which is almost universally accepted. We are often told that, however hard and cruel may have been Carlyle's early struggles, he did slowly but steadily gather around him an increasing host of admirers

and that he ultimately made and conquered his own public. Alas! the reality is very different. Long after Carlyle had written all those masterpieces except "Frederick the Great," which have made him immortal, many years after he had published "Sartor Resartus," "The French Revolution," "Past and Present," the six volumes of Essays, and "Cromwell," he was still facing poverty, neglect and obloquy. He was still unrecognized in England, ignored or reviled in Scotland. It is a melancholy reflection on our treatment of our great men even in our enlightened days that in 1855 Carlyle, on the threshold of old age, a tired man, a soured and broken man, was only drawing an average income from his literary work which did not exceed £180. The facts are fully stated in that pathetic document with the ironical French title: "Budget d'une Femme incomprise," which was drawn up by Mrs. Carlyle in 1855. It appears from that amazing balance-sheet that Mrs. Carlyle, who at the time was the hostess of one of the most famous literary salons of mid-Victorian London, was only given £200 a year for her domestic expenses. However hard she tried, and however ingenious and resourceful her Scottish genius for thrift, she could not make expenses meet. And as she did not dare to apply to her Lord and Master for an additional allowance, she spent many months of sleepless nights. At last, screwing up her courage, she presented Carlyle with detailed accounts. As a result Carlyle gave her the munificent increase of £30 a year and the heroic woman was henceforth able to run the Chelsea household and to entertain the chosen of London Society on an annual expenditure of £230. Carlyle was then 60 years old; Mrs. Carlyle was a sick woman and had only a few more years to live.

One might prolong indefinitely the monotonous tale of Carlyle's struggles against an inexorable destiny. But what I have said ought to be amply sufficient to prove my contention—namely that throughout his long existence Carlyle fought a succession of losing battles.

It will be objected that my story is a dreary and dismal one, and that my interpretation is unduly pessimistic. It will be further objected by the disciples and admirers of Carlyle, by those who believe in his

message and believe that he was a true prophet, that in thus emphasizing his failures, in dwelling on his weaknesses, I am detracting from the greatness of the man and the value of his achievement. The conclusion does not follow. Rather would I urge that, precisely because Carlyle failed in all his endeavours, precisely because he fought a losing battle, precisely because his life was a tragedy from beginning to end—for those very reasons his work is not only far more interesting, but far more instructive than if he had succeeded. Also his personality becomes infinitely more fascinating. The common saying "Nothing succeeds like success" is the sordid motto of the shopkeeper or the professional politician. The American assumption that a man is to be judged by the fact that he has "made good" is a horrible debasement of the values of life. Judged by the American test of success, most of the greatest men of history have failed. But we can learn from their failures far more valuable lessons than we might have learned from their triumphs. St. Thomas à Becket, St. Louis and the Crusaders were failures. So were John Huss, Joan of Arc, Savonarola, Coligny; so were Mary Queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette. Most of the men who helped to build up modern civilization have failed in prison, on the stake and on the scaffold.

In estimating the value of any work, in appraising the genius of any man, what matters is not the actual results he attained, but the spirit in which he worked. What matters is not the discovery of truth, but the exploration of truth. This is only another way of saying that the true test of a man's greatness is the quality and mettle of his personality.

Judged by that elemental and fundamental test, Carlyle emerges triumphant. What he *was* is infinitely more important than what he *did*. We do not know what is to be the ultimate fate of Carlyle's writings. Literary fashions, the needs and interests of the reading-public, change from decade to decade. In the sphere of literature, there comes the inevitable moment when the works even of the greatest writers cease to be read, when they have served their purpose, outlived their usefulness. To-day, how much is there in the voluminous folios of Luther or Bossuet which is still being read

except by professional theologians? How many are willing to pay the present commercial price of threepence for any of the fifty volumes published in mid-Victorian days by the Calvin publication society? How much is there even of the work of Johnson which is still read except by professional critics or students of English literature? And yet may it not be said that there is not one cultivated Englishman or German or Frenchman to whom Luther and Calvin and Bossuet and Dr. Johnson are not more alive to-day than they were to their contemporaries?

And as it is with Luther and Calvin and Bossuet and Dr. Johnson, so will it be with Carlyle. We may cease to read his writings—we have already ceased to read "Frederick the Great," "Cromwell," and "Sartor Resartus"—we may even cease to read his wonderful Epic of the "French Revolution," although this is extremely unlikely. But even the most remote generations will continue to be passionately interested in every utterance of Carlyle, in every letter which reveals the inner man. They will be interested in the hero, in his moods, his eccentricities and his extravagances. They will continue to admire his indomitable courage and transparent sincerity. They will continue to sympathize with his sufferings and sorrows, even with his weaknesses and contradictions.

The greatest of Carlyle's disciples, James Anthony Froude, has been for forty years the victim of a persistent vendetta. He has been violently and persistently attacked for laying bare those weaknesses and contradictions. That vendetta is not only odious but stupid. We do not want less of the Froudian indiscretions; we would eagerly welcome a great many more. Far more effectively than the most admiring critic, Froude has kept green the memory of his master. Indeed, it is devoutly to be hoped that the Carlyle biographers of the next generation, undeterred by criticism, will follow in the footsteps of Froude, will be equally indiscreet and outspoken, and will continue to reveal from the rich treasury of Carlyle's unpublished letters and journals the inmost secrets of one of the most complex and perplexing, one of the most fascinating and tragic, personalities of English literature.

Glimpses of China in the Ninth Century

By Marian Edwardes

THE delights of travel are inexhaustible, as all true travellers know, and, when unexplored regions are the goal, there is an enhanced fascination which may be enjoyed even in these days of wide familiarity with the globe, for there are still untrodden heights and forests calling to enterprising spirits to invade their solitudes. But no one in this twentieth century can wholly realize the excitement of plunging into the unknown which stirred the heart of the medieval traveller, when to wander beyond the confines of his Western home meant entry into a strange world, of which he knew only through fabulous rumours. We can picture but faintly the feelings of the European adventurer when the day dawned that was to see him set out for the end of the habitable world, to pass eastwards through the lands of peacocks and precious stones, of unicorns and apes, until a far region was reached where a city rose of silver walls and golden battlements, and a great Khan sat enthroned in unimaginable and jewelled splendour. Fortunately for us, nearly all ages have provided men of courage and desire, ready to undertake perilous journeys over land and sea, and to them we owe accounts we should be sorry to miss, of places and persons before time had worked havoc on their temples and palaces, or alien civilizations had corrupted their ancient manners and customs.

The Chinese had records of untold centuries of history, and had attained an advanced state of civilization, before the Western world became aware of their immense empire.

Their land was remotely known to the Greeks and Romans: Cosmas, a Greek monk of the sixth century and author of a Christian topography, had sailed the seas when young, and knew that China lay in the remotest part of the Indies, at an immense distance further from the West than the Persian Gulf, and that beyond was neither navigation nor inhabited country. His account sums up Europe's geographical knowledge of the far eastern portion of Asia for many succeeding generations,

though its fine products of silks and cast iron were familiar wares. But while Europe was waiting for her Marco Polo to lift the veil that hid the far-off land of wonder, China, during these long years, was no unfamiliar country to her Asiatic neighbours, from many of whom she received both embassies and tributes. Buddhism bound her in close relationship with Ceylon for many centuries of our era, and before the islanders began navigating the seas, they carried on communication with China by India and the Himalaya. We can imagine the difficulties of this long land journey, but even then it seems scarcely credible that when Ceylon—as Sir Emerson Tennent relates—at the close of the fourth century sent one of her famous statues of Buddha to the Emperor, the envoys in charge of it took ten years to reach the Chinese capital. Ceylon traded with her boundless stores of precious stones chiefly through the agency of the Arabians, those indefatigable mariners of the South Seas, who carried on commerce with China from an unknown date, and had early trading stations on the coast of the latter country, one at Canton whose annals are said to date back over two thousand years. The far East was, therefore, no land of mystery to the two Arabian travellers who gave us our first glimpse of the real China.

Four centuries before Marco Polo spent his many long years at the court of the Great Khan these Arabians wrote short accounts of their travels east (which may be read in a manuscript preserved at the Bibliothèque Nationale). The earlier traveller, whose name is not known to us, as the beginning of his manuscript is wanting, accomplished his voyage in 851; the second, Abu Zaid Hassan, added his further observation nearly seventy years later, in the early tenth century, and we can more or less combine their narratives.

It is not always easy to follow the voyage as described by the first Arabian, as since his time some places have disappeared, and certain others are difficult to identify from the names he gives them, and he ignores anything like latitude or longitude. Part of the manuscript has disappeared which relates his start from the Persian Gulf, where Arabian vessels were accustomed to stop at Muscat and take in water and cattle, and we begin with his arrival at the Maldive Islands, the home of the immemorial coco-nut tree. The Arabian ships were curiously con-

structed, as the planks were not nailed or bolted, but joined together in an extraordinary manner as if they were sewn. It is told us that men from Oman went over with their tools to these islands, where the coco-nut tree provided everything that was required for building and fitting their ships—timber, bark for spinning into yarn for sewing the planks together, and leaves to weave into sails; the ship, when finished, was laden with coco-nuts, which were taken back to Oman for sale. Marco Polo refers to the wood as too hard and brittle to bear nails; in his time, after very careful boring of holes in the planks, tree-nails were fitted into them. The Arabian ships were hereby safe from the fatal attraction of the magnetic island, somewhere in the South Seas, of which we read in old romance, that drew ships out of their course and to destruction owing to the iron nails used in their building.

To the native the coco-nut tree has always been an inexhaustible source of food, drink, and dress material, and the Arabian was much struck when told that "whole shirts, all of one piece, sleeves, gussets and all," were made out of coco-nut fibre. The islands at that time were ruled by a queen, who had her treasury well replenished with cowries, or shell money. To obtain these, branches of the coco-nut tree were thrown into the sea, and, according to our narrator, the cowries stuck to them; but probably the natives then, as in our time, attached bait to the leaves; the final process was to bury the cowries in the sand till they were fit to be cleaned for use as current coin.

Arrived at Ceylon, or Sarandib in the Arabic, we read of the beauty of the country, and one valley especially, opening on to the sea, was found "transcendently pleasant." The island was full of temples, as was natural after twelve centuries of Buddhism, and particular mention is made of a great idol of finest gold. The huge foot-print on the summit of Adam's Peak was venerated equally by Arabians and Singhalese, being assigned to Adam or Buddha, according to Mohammedan or Buddhist tradition. The gems found on the mountain side were poetically regarded by some as the crystallized tears of our first father.

There is mention of a kind of large shell used as a trumpet, but though both travellers speak of the stones of

many colours, ruby, emerald, amethyst and others of equal beauty, and also of the pearls of the island, neither of them seems to have known anything of the magnificent gem, called by the old Greek Cosmas, a "hyacinth," and described as of a brilliant ruby colour, large as a big pine cone, and when seen flashing in the sun's rays, a "glorious and incomparable spectacle." It illuminated the night sky. Marco Polo speaks of a ruby, a span in length and of the thickness of a man's arm, of indescribable brilliancy, which must have been identical with the "hyacinth," as there could hardly have been two stones of such abnormal quality. Kublai Khan greatly coveted it, but the monarch of Ceylon refused to part with it for all the treasure of the universe. One would like to know where and how so remarkable a treasure could disappear.

A passing notice is given to the Nicobar Islanders who exchanged their ambergris and coco-nuts for iron. The nineteenth century found them little changed from what they were in the ninth, only that in later times it has been men's hats, not iron, for which they are said to have a greedy desire; they maintain their indifference to general clothing, but the hat confers prestige upon the wearer and a higher rank among his fellow islanders. Then follows what is stated to be the first description on record of the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands. It has not been bettered by any who have made a later acquaintance with them. After mention of their hideous cannibalism, we read, "Their complexion is black, their hair frizzled, their countenance and eyes frightful, their feet are almost a cubit in length, and they go quite naked. They have no boats; if they had they would devour all the passengers they could lay hands on." Ships had sometimes been forced to drop anchor on their barbarous coasts and they had often lost some of their men. Abu Zaid Hassan would have agreed with Watts as to man's unique vileness, for he has no fault to find with the surroundings of these savages, and indulges in a panegyric of the South Seas, rich with ambergris and pearls, the mountains on their coasts stored with gold and precious stones, their gulfs breeding creatures that yield ivory; while the trees and plants on their shores include ebony and sandal wood, nutmegs, cloves, and all other spices and aromatics, and the forests are full of parrots and

peacocks; "in short, so productive are these shores of estimable things, that it is impossible to reckon them up."

He mentions, incidentally, that ambergris is found also on the Barbary coast, where men go out by moonlight mounted on camels, which are trained to bend their knees when they come across a piece to allow the rider to pick it up.

Returning to our earlier Arabian, we sail on east with him till he enters the sea of the waterspout and the typhoon. He lacks Conrad's graphic power, but he describes as best he can the seas as they boil up like water over a fire, the violence of the waves, which hurl fishes dead upon the rocks "like an arrow from a bow." He refers to the sparkling of the sea when raging in this terrific manner, a glare which an English voyager of much later date found strong enough to read by.

An island called Sandarfulat has been interpreted as the modern Pulo Kondor, in the South China Seas; it required a month to sail hence to China, and eight days were taken to steer through the narrow strait between rocks and shoals, called the Gates of China, on issuing from which the vessel entered a fresh water gulf, and there dropped anchor at Kanfu, nowadays Hang-chew-fu, the chief port of China for Arabian traders, where a Mohammedan Kadi was appointed as judge over those of his religion.

The city was adorned with large squares and was prepared for defence against attack; it had supplies of water from springs and rivers, but nothing is said as regards lights. The one-storied houses of split bamboo were so frequently subject to fire that the townspeople put all their belongings into large chests on wheels, which could be easily drawn from place to place, as there was no impediment of stairs. A town, we are informed, was dignified with the name of a city when it was allowed some of the great trumpets, three or four cubits long, which could be heard a mile off. Five of these trumpets were sounded at certain hours of the night and day at each of the four city gates. Moreover, each city had ten drums beaten for the double purpose of announcing the hour and giving public token of obedience to the Emperor. Drums were generally associated with ceremony, and from a later source we gather that musical

instruments and drums were sounded from two small towers outside a certain governor's house whenever he went out, or came in, or took his seat at the tribunal. As regards time-keeping, the Chinese in the ninth century had already their dials and clocks with weights.

The Chinese were evidently in favour of preventive measures, if it is true, as is explained, that no gold or silver was allowed to be coined, and only copper was current, because, as the authorities argued, if a thief went into a house where there was precious coin, he might carry off ten thousand pieces of gold and almost as many of silver, and not be greatly burdened by it, whereas he could not take away much copper without inconvenience. The copper coins had a hole in the middle, and were strung together in so many thousands, with a knot between every hundred, and payments of all kinds were made with this money. The Arabians found the Chinese scrupulously upright in their commercial dealings, and honest in all respects. When merchantmen arrived, the Chinese seized their cargoes and warehoused them until the last had been landed, then they took a certain percentage of the goods and returned the remainder to the traders. The Emperor had first choice of any commodity he needed, but paid for it to the utmost penny of its value.

Justice was administered with inflexible partiality and with a severity untempered with mercy towards the convicted culprit. From the following terse quotation it will be seen that he had no chance of falling a second time into temptation. "The law they observe with regard to thieves is to put them to death as soon as caught." A bankrupt in China was in very sorry case, and treated as a degraded outcast. The men chosen as judges had to be so well versed in their laws that they were never at a standstill when called upon to pass judgment, and they had to be men who "equally abstained from the slender substance of the poor and from the presents of those who would have bribed them therewith."

No one was raised to the dignity of a prince or governor of a city until he was forty, for then *he had experience*. It was compulsory to send up all complaints and petitions to him in writing; the answers also were written—never given by word of mouth. No one might draw up these documents except a clerk versed in the

business, and if any blunder occurred, the clerk was bambooed. A curious statement is made that the prince never sat on a tribunal till he had eaten and drunk, for fear exhaustion should cause him to make a mistake in his capacity of judge.

The governor was at the beck and call of the people at all times, for a bell hung over his head attached to a string, which reached to a distance of three miles where it crossed the highway, and anyone demanding justice could ring it, and straightway orders were given to bring the petitioner in that he might set forth his wrongs. This method of calling for justice was a very ancient one, for in the life of an emperor of some remote date, we hear not only of a bell, but of a drum, a table of stone, and plates of iron and lead, all fixed at the gate of the palace, to be rung or struck according to the nature of the complaint requiring attention.

An edifying tale is told by one of our Arabians of a foreign merchant who was unjustly dealt with at Kanfu by the officer whom the emperor had sent to purchase goods; the officer was a confidant of the emperor and the keeper of the imperial treasures. The merchant rang the little bell, was admitted, and after a customary term of detention, his case was tried and the verdict given in his favour. The emperor was above partiality, and with a mingling of justice, mercy and humour spared the life of his high minister, but forasmuch as he had not been able to acquit himself of his duty to the living, he was given a command among the dead, and sent to perform the melancholy task of guarding the Tombs of the Kings for the remainder of his life.

In order that they might be sufficiently venerated and held in dread, and that the people might not grow so familiar as to dare to speak to them, these governors and other high officials went abroad from time to time in solemn procession. They were preceded by men carrying large pieces of wood, with which they made a noise that could be heard afar off, and no sooner were these harsh signals of approach heard than everyone, according to the order given, fled from the streets and hid themselves behind closed doors till the grandees had passed.

Modern civilization has not much to boast of in some ways, for its free education and old age pensions were

forestalled by the Chinese in the ninth century; everyone, rich or poor, small or great, was taught to read and write at the expense of the State, and the poll-tax on men—the only tax levied on the people—was remitted when a man reached the age of eighty, and a pension was then given him "in acknowledgment for what they, his fellow countrymen, had received of him when he was young." It was an advanced age to begin receiving this benefit, but perhaps the Chinese of long ago were tougher than we are; anyhow, we cannot but admire the spirit in which the pension was given.

A more original way still of helping the poor was the erection of a high stone in the public squares, on which were engraved the names of all sorts of medicines, and the just price to be given for them; when the poor needed drugs they applied at the Treasury and received the right sum for buying what they wanted. The impression left by the short account of affairs in the ninth century by our two Arabians is of a singularly uncomplicated system of government.

The emperor's private revenues were derived from the salt mines and "from a certain herb which they drink with hot water, and of which great quantities are sold in all the cities." This is the first and, strange to say, the only mention made of tea by medieval travellers. The Arabian explains the familiar manner of making tea, and reports that it cures all sorts of diseases; when we again hear of it, as late as the sixteenth century, we get the further information that gout was one of the diseases, and that if you felt uncomfortable from having eaten too much, you had only to take a little tea, and in a short time all would be well.

The Chinese were anxious to preserve the mental capacities of the young, and highly disapproved of the common practice among some nations of shaving children's heads; they considered it harmful to the brain, and that "common sense was notably impaired thereby."

The two ancient national arts of porcelain manufacture and exquisite silk weaving—the latter so delicate that the beauty of a silk vest could be detected when worn under three or four others—and the national drink of rice-wine were all noted by our travellers.

Chinese art is lauded as surpassing that of all other

nations. An artist's work was judged as deliberately and scrupulously as a criminal case, his picture being set up near the palace gate for a year, for the free criticism of the passer-by; he was expelled from the roll of artists if the majority vote was against it. The painting of a bird perched on the top of an ear of corn was once thus exhibited; for a while all was admiration, then the *advocatus diaboli* appeared on the scene. "Every one knows," he scornfully remarked, "that if a bird perched on an ear of corn, it would bend over beneath the weight; the one here is represented as standing bolt upright." No one could refute so patent a fact, and the artist was dismissed and went empty away, with his condemned picture left on his hands.

There are not many personal remarks; the Chinese are spoken of as handsome on the whole and of comely stature, and very temperate in their habits. The women adorned their heads with many small combs, and the men wore caps of a particular make and ornamented their belts with figured "unicorn's" horns, sometimes of great price. In the winter they wore several pairs of silk drawers, which fell down to their feet.

The Tang dynasty was nearing its close when these Arabians were writing. It had lasted 300 years, and had begun well with an emperor who expressed his desire to govern according to the dictates of conscience. He was eclipsed by his son, Taitsong, who deserves to be placed among the great upon earth, civilized beyond his age, who cared nothing for idle show, gave his capital a college and library, and actually once—and this was some fifteen hundred years ago—bought off a captured city from his soldiers to save it from the horrors of a sack.

During the years that intervened between the two Arabian narratives, a rebellion arose in China, and the emperor had to flee his capital. On the defeat of the rebels the emperor, with fine Chinese justice, although his treasures had been embezzled, forbore to squeeze the people because their govenors had left him impoverished; he asked for their loyalty only, and satisfied himself with the little that remained in his coffers. A period of disorder and civil war followed, and the Arab traders suffered such extortion and indignity that they

returned in crowds to their native country. Here we say goodbye to the Arabians. We know of the later dynasties of Sung and Mongol. On the fall of the latter, during which the first European, Marco Polo, had been received at Court, China was again lost to view behind her formidable frontiers, and for a considerable period Europe knew her no more.

The first European traders on her shores were the Portuguese, and her experience of their ways was some apology for her policy of exclusion, which grew with the growing centuries and became emphasized under the Manchus. China held herself aloof, confirmed in her conviction that her civilization was superior to that of the whole outside world, that she alone possessed two eyes, as her old saying ran, while other nations had one only, or were blind. There is no more entertaining reading than the address drawn up by the then emperor to George III on the occasion of Lord Macartney's embassy to the Chinese Court. "So then, O King, far away over many oceans, thou hast inclined thine heart towards civilization," and after this beginning there are reasons alleged for the refusal to admit a permanent ambassador, whose "language would be incomprehensible as his attire would appear extraordinary, and there are no quarters suitable for such a case." He condescendingly accepts the King's presents in consideration of the "honest heart" that sent them and the distance they had travelled, but, he continues, "there exists nothing but what we possess it . . . nor shall we ever again require articles of thy country's manufacture." So China strove to shut her doors; the end of her long tale is familiar. Even the innermost sanctuary of the "Forbidden City" was at last violated, and Loti, in his inimitable language, has described its yellow magnificence, its massed treasures, its melancholy and decaying glory.

But as we read of some of her old emperors and institutions we realize what fine foundations existed on which to build up an ideal State. When civil war ceases, and China has been given time to develop on her own lines, she may yet produce another Taitsong, and fulfil the promise of her past. One from the East tells us that no great idea has ever yet perished from the earth, and no great man lives only for his own time.

The Coat

By E. L. Beckingsale

GLORY was a most unsatisfactory wife, reckoned by Chinese standards. After two years of marriage she had borne a girl—a tiny creature with huge dark eyes like her mother's. When Glory was puzzled or sad (as she very often was) her eyes were like those of a frightened horse.

Little Sceptre of Virtue had inherited her mother's intelligence, and, although her small body was never very strong, she was quick and lively, and before she was a year old she had charmed away her father's disappointment and he had become proud of her and liked to show her off to his friends. But he still kept his grudge against Glory for having failed to give him a son, and when her second confinement was near, he grew restless and uneasy. Was she to be trusted this time? Surely, after the four years' education she had had, she must know how important it was that she should give a son to her husband. She could read and write almost as well as he and she knew something of history and the classics; she even had a smattering of "Western subjects"—arithmetic, geography and science. Yet, with all these advantages, she had produced only a girl-baby. It was really most stupid and inconsiderate of her. He explained this to her over and over again.

"Think what it will mean for *me*," he said, "if, for the second time, a 'player with tiles' should be born instead of a sturdy son to carry on my name and to perform the rites when I die. My friends were sorry for me when you failed me the first time, but if it should happen like that again, they would laugh. I should lose face before them. Think of that! Do you want me to lose face?"

Glory looked at him sideways with her eyes of a frightened horse, but she said nothing.

Some days later she went into hospital. He came to see her and sat down by the bed with the air of one who has made a great resolve.

"Listen," he said. "You are an unsatisfactory wife to me as you well know, but I am a patient man and

I am willing to be kind to you. If the baby is a boy, I will give you a new winter coat." He lowered his voice and leaned nearer to her. "It shall be of dark green rep, with satin flowers, and it shall be lined with sheepskin fur."

Glory gazed at him in ecstasy. She saw herself in the beautiful new coat, holding her little son in her arms, his head pillowed on the dark green rep. It was a wonderful vision.

Then she heard her husband's voice again.

"But, of course, if it is a girl, there will be no coat for you. Understand that! A wife who could be so obstinate would not deserve a new coat."

The vision faded and Glory's eyes became puzzled again. She looked after him wistfully as he walked down the ward, and when he turned at the door and saw her, he thought how dull and stupid she looked; perhaps, even yet, she did not understand how much this thing mattered.

"Remember," he called back to her, "no boy, no coat!"

Next day they told him that a son had been born to him and that child and mother were both well. He went straight to the cloth shop, the seller of furs and the tailor.

Glory was intensely happy. She was the mother of a son, her husband was pleased with her, she was going to have a new winter coat, and meanwhile it was warm and comfortable in the hospital and she was getting stronger. On the fifth day a note came for her to tell her that the coat was ready and that her husband would bring it on the following day.

That night the baby was taken ill, and early next morning he died. She was asked if a message should be sent to the father, but she said that they need not trouble as he was coming at the visiting hour. She lay very still all the morning hardly knowing what was going on around her. Suddenly she saw him standing by the bed with a parcel under his arm and a little self-conscious smile on his face. He began to undo the cloth that was wrapped round the parcel. Glory put out her hand and stopped him.

"Don't you know?" she whispered. "Haven't they told you?"

"Know what?" he asked sharply.

Glory was breathing quickly, as if she had been running.

"Your son is dead," she whispered. Then she closed her eyes.

In a few minutes she heard him go away, and a long time later she saw lying on the bed the half-opened parcel. Sticking out of it was the corner of a winter coat, dark green rep with satin flowers, lined with white sheepskin fur. It was very beautiful. The nurse came to her in her turn and found it there. She took it out and held it up, admiring it.

"Is this yours?" she said, stroking the fur.

"No," Glory said very slowly. "No, it isn't mine."

The nurse folded it up and put it on the window-ledge while she went through the evening routine of work in the ward, and Glory lay quivering a little and looking at it with the eyes of a frightened horse.

When Sceptre of Virtue was five years old, Glory bore another girl. She was stronger than the first child, but not so quick and lovable. They called her Crown of Virtue. After this there were no more children, though Glory prayed fervently to Kuan Yin in the temple on the hillside.

As the years went by, Glory's husband grew more and more sullen and brooding and he often scolded his elder daughter unreasonably; of the younger one he had never taken much notice. Then the day came when he said the words that Glory had been dreading to hear. They were lying on the *kang*, each rolled in a wadded quilt, and the door was barred for the night. He tossed about restlessly for a time and the scraping of his little wooden pillow on the bricks sounded loud and ominous in Glory's ears. At last he spoke:

"I must have a son. You know that I must have a son—you know it! It is clear that you cannot give me one, is it not? Therefore . . ."

There was a pause in the rush of words, and Glory felt her heart beating heavily. Suddenly it seemed to her as if this husband of hers was but a child after all.

She had learned much in the years of their marriage, but he had learned so little. Once she had been afraid of him, but she was so no longer. She saw the way before her and she took it without hesitation.

"Yes," she said, "I know. Of course you must have a son. I, too, have been thinking lately."

Her voice was clear and calm and the man gave a sigh of relief, realizing that, after all, he would not have trouble with her over this.

They talked on late into the night. The new wife must be young and strong and preferably one of a large family. He could afford to pay a good price for her, and he must have the best possible value for his money. He must think of the question of a middleman whom he could trust not to cheat him in the matter and to make full enquiries; he must not risk finding himself with a girl who had sore eyes or weak lungs. Glory would move, with her children, into the inner court and would keep her title of chief wife; the newcomer would take over the rooms in the big court.

"Yes, of course," Glory said again and again to all his plans. "Of course! All shall be done as you wish."

The next day he sent a letter to his parents, who lived in another Province, and told them of his decision. "It is fortunate," he wrote, "that Glory is quite sensible about it. It is ten thousand pities that she has been such an unsatisfactory wife in this one matter of giving me a son; in other respects I have little to complain of in her. It will be expensive to keep two wives and I hope that they will not quarrel much. But it is useless to delay longer—I must have a son."

Some weeks later Glory heard a cart stop by the gate of their courtyard and she ran out to greet the visitors. To her amazement she found her husband's mother with a girl of about twenty years and an old serving-woman. They had been travelling for three days and they were dusty and bruised with long sitting in the springless cart. The girl looked tired and dazed and she watched Glory furtively as they were courteously received and taken into the house.

Soon the old mother took Glory aside and told her the reason for their visit. They had understood from

their son's letter that he was wanting a new wife as Glory could not give him a son. Just then it happened that they had heard of a good bargain and they had made all the negotiations on his behalf. As it would not be seemly for the girl to travel so far without an escort, she had come herself and would stay for a time and see her settled in as she was a stranger in this part of the country.

Glory looked at her mother-in-law in consternation.

"But did he ask you in the letter to arrange it?" she exclaimed. "He had been thinking of his friend Li for the middleman; he could get him a bride here."

"No," said the old woman. "There was nothing about that in the letter. He just said that he wanted a young wife; so I have brought him one. If he is angry when he comes home, then so be it, but the girl can't be sent back. The 'Eight Characters' have been exchanged."

Glory saw that she was uneasy and she said nothing of her own fears while she made tea for her guests and saw to the unpacking of the cart and the bestowal of the bedding they had brought. She realized that the girl was too tired and too shy to rise to the occasion that night, so she gave her some food and let her go to bed with the children before her husband came home.

While she and her mother-in-law sat waiting they talked over the matter. They spoke of the smallness of the sum paid for the girl, of her physical strength and docility; the old woman was going over the arguments she would use if her son were angry with her for her interference. But Glory was thinking of the first years of her married life before hope had left her, and she knew that the future peace of the home depended on her attitude now. She remembered those days in the hospital when she was so happy, and a very tender look came into her eyes.

"Mother-in-law," she said, "I think that surely now he will get the son he has wanted so much."

Glory had grown accustomed to her small room in the inner court. Her two girls slept on the *kang* with her, and she was not unhappy doing her daily work and teaching them to cook and sew when they came home

from school. Her husband had not welcomed the wife that his mother had brought him; he had wanted a well-educated girl from the city and he sulked about it day after day. Glory knew how matters stood but she did not talk. She waited and hoped and tried to rouse the girl to make herself more attractive.

One night, when she was crossing the outer court, she heard her crying quietly in her room. She went in to her.

"Are you lonely?" she asked. "Shall I send Sceptre of Virtue to sleep with you? She likes you; I'm sure she would come."

"No," muttered the girl, "I don't want her."

"It's strange to you here, I expect," went on Glory, ignoring the ungracious answer. "We all feel strange when we go to another Province. The food is different and the talk is different. But you'll soon make some friends and then you won't feel strange any longer."

"No," said the girl again, "that doesn't matter to me. Nothing matters!"

Glory dared not speak of her husband's neglect of his young wife, which she thought might be the cause of the tears. That was something in which she could never interfere.

"Can you tell me why you cry?" she said, and her voice was so gentle and motherly that the girl caught her breath and then burst into a fresh fit of sobbing.

Presently she dried her eyes with her sleeve and sat up on the *kang*, tucking her tiny bound feet under her. The room was quite dark now except where the paper windows made little pale squares in the wall behind Glory's head.

"Don't you know where I come from?" she said, speaking almost in a whisper. "Our mother-in-law must have told you."

"Yes," said Glory. "She told me you came from her village."

"That's true in a way," she said. "I was born in her village. But when the famine came six years ago, I was sold to a man in the town. My father couldn't afford to keep us all and, as I was fourteen then, they could get a higher price for me than for any of the others. The man was rich and he bought many girls as slaves that famine year; there were three from our village.

Last month he died, and his mother sold us off quite cheaply . . ."

She stopped, and Glory said quietly: "I understand. But that is all over now. No one here knows except me, and I will not speak of it. No one shall call you 'slave' here."

The girl drew closer and put her hand timidly on Glory's. Her hand was cold and she trembled.

"But that is not all," she said. "I am going to bear his child. I did not know till just lately. After so many years I had ceased to think of it. What shall I do? What shall I do? He will turn me out when he knows." She began to cry again in a hopeless way.

Glory sat by her and patted her hand. Was there to be no end to this muddle? She thought for a time and then said: "He must be told the truth, and quickly. He must not be deceived and then think evil of you."

"But I dare not tell him!" the girl sobbed wildly. "I dare not! I have never yet ventured to speak to him about myself. How will he believe me?"

Glory remembered well the old fear that had made her dumb and helpless before her husband. Again, as once before in the darkness, she saw her way and took it. "I will tell him myself," she said. "It will be all right. Now do not cry any more. I will tell him to-morrow and we will find a way. Go to sleep now."

And Glory had found a way. She had spoken to her husband, beginning with the words: "It is because you must have a son . . ." She knew that he would listen to that, and he had listened while she told him her plan. Let him acknowledge this child as his. It *must* be a son this time; all the omens were good. If it were born of his wife in his house, who would dare to say that it was not his own? Again and again she said: "It is right that you should have a son, is it not?"

Finally he had agreed, and Glory had gone to the girl with the joyful news. Ever since then she had gone about in a maze of gratitude and prayer—gratitude to Glory who had worked this wonder for her, and prayer to Kuan Yin that the child might be a boy. And Glory lived her life between her girls in the inner courtyard and the young wife in the outer, and she too prayed much.

When Kuan Yin answered their prayers and sent a

boy at the time of the New Year rejoicings, it was Glory who put the child into the man's arms and said: "Here, then, is your son!" He looked at the baby, smiled, gave him back to her and went out. He was in such a haste to spread the news among his friends that he forgot to ask about the mother.

When he came back that night, flushed with wine and congratulations, he found a strangely silent home. He went across the court and met Glory coming out of the room with a kettle in her hand.

"Nothing has gone wrong, has it?" he asked.

"Yes," said Glory. "She died about an hour ago."

An infant's cry came from the room behind her.

"But your son is living," she said, and went on.

Later she took her husband in to see the dead woman. She was lying on a mat on the *kang*, clean and tidy, with her hair done in two thick black plaits. She was dressed in the old cotton skirt in which she had arrived, and over that a new winter coat of dark green rep with satin flowers, lined with white sheepskin fur. Glory touched the sleeve gently.

"Do you remember this?" she said.

The man started and then looked away, frowning.

"It has been in the chest all these years," Glory went on. "I have been keeping it very carefully."

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently, "but surely there was something else—some old coat of your own—that would have done for her burial-clothes. What were you thinking of to take this?"

Glory stepped between him and the woman and looked straight into his eyes.

"Have you forgotten?" she said slowly. "Have you forgotten that you had this coat made for the mother of your first-born son? You have your son. Now pay your debt—make the return-gift."

He could not meet her eyes; he turned and went out of the room without a word.

Glory sat on the *kang* for a long time, remembering many things and stroking the edges of the white fur softly with her finger. It was a beautiful coat, she thought, worthy to adorn a woman who had borne a son—a coat that would bring happiness into the heart even if it cost life itself to win the right to wear it.

Casca's Table

By Dorothy Johnson

In the days of Elizabeth, so it is recorded, two young gentlemen from Norwich called Berney and Mather sat up late at night by a Christmas fire, telling each other "how good it was to have a name and die famous." Young men have done the same, both before and since, without being as clear as this couple of enthusiasts about the means to their end. For Berney and Mather the road to renown lay through the blood of their Queen. "To kill a sovereign," they agreed, "would make their name immortal." There can be no doubt that they were right. They were justified by the event. They failed, indeed, to compass the Queen's death. All that they did was to prattle of it, and to spy from the shelter of some bushes not on her but on her chief minister. Yet even this meagre achievement has won them a measure of renown. They died prematurely, but publicly, and not without éclat; nor are they quite forgotten now. For merely thinking of killing a sovereign, they have been paid with a place in history.

They came into my mind when I read of a discovery that links our age—and, in a sense, theirs—with an earlier group of tyrannicides. At Pompeii was unearthed, the other day, a marble table inscribed three times over with the illustrious name of Casca. Many men bore that name, but only one of them matters; and he matters because he took a hand in the slaying of Julius Cæsar. If it had not been for that one stab with a dagger (dealt, as you remember, from behind) the whole tribe of Casca would have withered in obscurity, and this table have no power to thrill. The blow, however, was struck—the first of twenty-three; not a strong one, but faltering and feeble; none the less it reached its mark, and carved the striker's name so deep in the world's memory that marble was not needed to preserve it. Casca is in history with Cæsar; and a piece of this murderer's household furniture is a thing to be regarded with awe.

I do not doubt that, when Berney and Mather sat watching the fire die down, they fed the flame of each other's courage with examples from the classics. The echoes of Rome rang loudly through the times of Elizabeth; the man in the street, if he could not quote Cicero, could chatter of Cicero. The errand-boys knew that Brutus and Cassius and Casca, with other valiant gentlemen, friends of liberty, slew Cæsar the tyrant in the Capitol. They knew a good deal, as errand-boys will, though they knew it a trifle crookedly. Berney and Mather were no clerks; they probably boasted a most gentlemanly ignorance; but Casca's name must have been among those that they tossed to and fro across the hearth. A table, or anything, inscribed with it would have seemed to them a holy relic, on which they might lay their quivering hands while they swore to prove worthy of their model. In that same wintry beginning of 1571, a lad at Stratford, not quite seven years old, was probably already imbibing the lore that should fit him at last to embody in a stage-play all that men had thought and felt down the ages about liberty, tyranny, tyrannicide, and the recompense of murderers. Perhaps he had begun to ply his book, and to shine as the pattern pupil of Stratford Free Grammar School. Perhaps he preferred the yet freer school in the bushes; and took in such knowledge only as came to him no less naturally than breathing. Whatever he did, he could not escape the story of Julius Cæsar. Before he wrote his tragedy, he read for it in Plutarch; none the less, he makes Cæsar fall "in the Capitol," and cry as he falls, "*Et tu, Brute!*" These things were not in Plutarch, but had their home in the popular legend, the version that every Englishman knew, and which Master Shakespeare's William, with other idle urchins, had probably turned into a children's game over and over again. It is not remarkable that his Rome is London and his Capitol the Tower. (It was on Tower Hill, as anyone may perceive, that Casca met that portentous lion which had escaped from the royal menagerie in the Lion Tower just below.) A Cæsar in doublet and hose, hats pulled low to hide traitors' brows, the mere use of such terms as *traitor* and *treason*, which are enough in themselves

to flood the antique story with a sixteenth-century colouring—these, and other un-Roman trappings, were only to be expected. But it is noteworthy that Shakespeare seized upon Casca, or rather on the few fragments of him that appear in the historian's text—an arm that deals a weak blow and is gripped by the weaponless victim, a voice that cries for help in Greek—and kneaded them up with new material, and turned Casca into an Englishman.

There can be no doubt of this. The crabbed satirical humour, the crusty individualism, belong to no people but the poet's own. Plutarch's Casca cries out in Greek, at a moment when a man would use a language into which his tongue slipped easily. Shakespeare's Casca lets it be understood that he knows no Greek and would scorn to know it. One feels pretty certain that this is all humbug, and it has the right tang of English humbug. Whatever constructions be based on this play, it does not support "tyrannicide." Whether Cæsar was a "tyrant" or not, his slaying is shown as a horror. Nobility is allowed to one conspirator, but he is drawn in through the defects of his qualities, and it is his voice that sounds loudest and most coarsely in the outburst of vainglory over Cæsar's body. All, even Cassius, are scoundrels, except Brutus, who sinks a long way beneath himself when he bids his companions wash in the spilt blood. Casca is a scoundrel, but a salt, homely English one. His countryman and creator enjoyed him, and let him slip away, as it were, into silence from the oncoming retribution. He is "quick mettle," observant, eloquent; he can play the courtier, and truckle to greatness, and mock it—this can be read between the lines—in the very act of truckling. "Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks!" booms the rough English voice, with an undernote of sarcasm, and a wink to point the jest.

And now they have found Casca's table; or so we shall be pleased to think. The inscription is, indeed, no proof of ownership; why should an owner, anyhow, set the seal of possession three times on a chattel not likely to be stolen? The article may have belonged to no Casca, but to one who respected *the* Casca so highly that he marked it thus in the assassin's honour. If

Berney and Mather had stabbed Queen Elizabeth, would they not have had their admirers, almost their worshippers? Might not their precious names have been carved, for veneration, in marble? But everybody would rather suppose that the table was Casca's own. A curious fancy arises. Like all who lift their hands against princes, he meant his name to endure. By that stroke with a dagger, he did much to make it permanent; but he also had it carved, very deep and very often, in the most lasting substance that he knew. For the Romans were nothing if not literal. . . . A dull dog, the original Casca; a poor stick, not fit to come on as Sixth Murderer in one of our Shakespeare's tragedies; not worthy to sit by a Christmas fire and plot treason with Berney and Mather. But it was he who dealt that coward's blow, and brought down Julius Cæsar. And for Cæsar's sake we shall look on that table, and the name that it bears, with reverence.

These Ashes

By Marjory M. Reynolds

THE room where Bernard Constable lay dying of a war-bequest was over the entrance hall of the little apartment block he had built and owned. Six suites the block held, two on each floor, running from the front to the back, the staircase ascending the well between them. The Constables occupied one on the second floor. The Lawrences lived on the third.

Teddy Lawrence never went up or down the stairs without paying Mrs. Constable the tribute of a thought. Bernard Constable never heard him pass without a speculation, growing daily more tenacious as his life waned, as to when and how often his wife and Teddy contrived to meet. His sick vigilance increased, thrusting out tentacles to draw his wife away from the kindly and innocent Teddy to himself; to himself, to feel again some comfort of the flesh before disintegration claimed him. His faculties became sharpened, intensified. He became aware of the composite life of his tenants, of the block itself, as though, having called it into being, his consciousness still permeated it.

Day by day his uncanny hearing was alert to identify entering and departing footsteps. Unconsciously, his tenants' ears became quick. They, too, speculated on footsteps, wondering sometimes when and with what sound would fall those of the lawyer to make Bernard Constable's will. There was a chance that he might die intestate.

That was one of the tentacles Bernard Constable wound about his wife.

During his illness she had moved into a back room. From the small garden common to the occupants of the block Teddy Lawrence saw her constantly at her window, looking out. She seemed unconscious of his presence, or perhaps vaguely soothed by it? He wondered, wandering round the restricted walk, removing the occasional weed, smoking an after-dinner pipe. Mrs. Lawrence, washing her dinner dishes in her kitchen on the top floor, glanced

down at him sometimes and smiled a trifle grimly. Between her competence and Mrs. Constable's helplessness was a gulf in which her Teddy was floundering, caught in the snare of his own tenderness for small creatures. Lost-looking little creatures. So he classified Mrs. Constable.

She was his dream-type. Petite, dark, just plump enough . . . little white face between wings of smooth black hair, big black eyes, a mouth like a tiny scarlet flower . . . a single blossom of geranium would just cover and match its brilliance, he thought. She stirred the ashes of his youth.

Mrs. Lawrence was rangey, red-haired and ironical. In general, Teddy found her excellent company with whom he could discuss anything excepting, possibly, dream-types. He had murmured something once about Mrs. Constable looking very lonely, but the cock of his wife's shrewd eye in his direction discomfited him.

"Don't you believe it, my son. Or if she is now, she won't be for long. I pity the poor man."

From which Teddy gathered that she commiserated not Bernard Constable's dying but his married state.

Sex. Woman's antagonism to woman. They couldn't get over it. Not even the best of them.

Teddy pondered this problem deeply during his perambulation of the garden at week-ends and in the evening. He had spoken to Mrs. Constable so seldom that it might have been all there was for him to ponder, had not the block caretaker been his friend in the matter.

That gentleman, from his quarters in the basement, undertook the responsibility of keeping the occupants of the block in touch with each other's affairs. It was a hobby of his, successfully pursued. Left to itself, each suite might have been a hermitage of marital seculsion. To him it was a fishing ground for gossip. He told Bernard Constable what his tenants did and he gave the tenants details of the Constable household. He admired Mrs. Constable. My, but she was brave. Mr. Constable wouldn't go into a nursing home or hospital, and the doctor said he needn't, so he was going to die in peace athome, with his wife at his side. My, but she was brave about it all.

"Can't bear to lose sight of her. No wonder," thought Teddy Lawrence.

"Wants to keep his eye on her, I shouldn't wonder," thought Mrs. Lawrence.

A nurse came in daily. Then Mrs. Constable went out. But not for long. The dying hand drew her back. She must stay by her husband until the crematorium gates clanged behind him. And that was another grief. She would have no grave to visit.

Only once in those last sad days did Teddy Lawrence see her at close quarters. The meeting affected him so much that he stammered slightly as he offered his sympathy and assistance. She accepted the former with a little smile—the tiny scarlet flower that was her mouth opening slightly, the big black eyes searching his face wistfully—and declined the latter with a little shake of her head. Then she disappeared, drawn away by her husband's insatiable need of her.

Poor little thing!

On the day of the cremation she collapsed and had to be assisted, weeping, down the steps. The dead man had no relatives at hand, but some of her kin and a few friends accompanied her and brought back the urned remains from Bernard Constable's last parade. But she would let no one stay the night with her. She wished to realize her position alone.

What was her position? The block caretaker supplied the answer to a question that had been travelling like a repressed epidemic through the suites.

"Well fixed," he said, with doleful satisfaction. "And him at rest at last. She signed his will only Monday afternoon. Well, it's no more than is coming to her."

It was not, indeed. The only reparation a man could make after such an imposition of himself upon a wife. A barbarity. A mountain of selfishness leaning upon a flower. . . .

But they ought not to have left her alone.

Teddy Lawrence shook his head sorrowfully about it. It took his appetite from his dinner. It made him restless afterwards, so he went for a walk—like Mrs. Constable, preferring to be alone.

His wife watched him go with unspoken ironical

comment in her eye. She had been neighbourly kindness itself to the Constables upon occasion, but Teddy's attitude made her want to laugh and rumple his hair and kiss him, but most of all to laugh. Restraining herself from all these impulses, her green eye took on an expression that Teddy found difficult to meet. He wandered out, his pipe between his teeth, alone. . . .

The night was moonless.

Fit for mourning, he thought. A scent of night stocks and nicotine caught from a garden as he was passing filled him with an undefined nostalgia, vaguely directed towards a place where death, partings and inconsolable dream-types were not. He stood for some time outside that garden, absorbing the unseen emanation through every sentimental pore.

He could see her, a tiny black and white figure in black, dropping in the abandonment of widowhood . . . clay-cold, white . . . the tiny scarlet flower that was her mouth a faded blossom, its colour all withdrawn.

Poor little thing. . . .

He wandered no farther. He turned homeward.

Glancing up at her front bedroom window he saw it was in darkness. Naturally she could not face that room. Was she—? He turned down the side of the building.

There a light burned. He stood still, watching that parallelogram of shrouded radiance, stirred with impotent distress for her, with vague resentment against his wife for her perverse coolness towards a tiny waif.

Sex. This woman's antipathy for woman. . . .

The shroud of the parallelogram was moved. The blind was raised, the window opened. Mrs. Constable stood there.

Did she know he was there? Feel the warmth of his sympathy welling below her? Noiselessly, unseen, he moved forwards . . . towards her . . . bracing himself for action.

Nothing happened.

It was as though the whole world stood still, listening, waiting. Then she leaned out into the shadow of the building. The light from behind and above her shone on the line of her shoulders, her arms. Again she paused.

Teddy could hear his own heart-beats, she seemed so intimately near. . . .

Above his head her tiny hands stirred in obscure movement. A cautious, wrenching sound came to him. Then two metal objects chimed together in light music; a faint, triumphant sound, like the clashing of toy cymbals.

Cymbals?

Something soft in the still air brushed against his face, settling there. A cobweb? Dust?

Dust . . .?

Ashes!

God!

He bolted like a rabbit, dashing his arm over his eyes, his mouth.

Behind him a window was slammed, a blind redrawn.

That which had been Bernard Constable continued to drift, unregarded, upon the night.

Dionysos

By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell

THY feasts, Dionysos, thy feasts
  Are wanton with kisses and wine;
With orgy, half-gods, and half-beasts,
  Crushed garlands, pomegranates and vine.

In the smoke and the glare of the torch,
  In the beams of thy mother of night,
Through the wildness of utmost debauch,
  What seest thou hid from men's sight?

What vision is thine, and what taste
  Has Earth's wine on thy lips or its jest?
Men know thee a drunkard, unchaste,
  Who know men half-gods at their best.

Bound Theban of Earth, what of thee?
  Is the savour of kisses but pain,
And pain but the fire that may be
  E'en some pledge from thy father again?

Is it love of the gods and their voice
  Thine ears seek in dull echo on earth,
Or pity for men who rejoice
  That binds thee—immortal of birth?

Thine eyes pierce the tumult and glare,
  Pierce the wine fumes and semblance of love,
Thou hearest men's laughter, aware
  Of what laughter and loving above!

Dost thou deaden thy senses, to find
  Peace in the cup and caress?
Wilt thou quicken men so that their mind
  Shall meet thine in wantonness?

Thou hast fire of thy father the sun,
  In thy veins are the moon's secret ways,
Through thine heart these two currents do run
  In confusion and anguish of days.

What sorrow is thine, what cold fear
  For thy winter of barren distress?
Stricken soil, trees leafless, austere,
  Bare fields—death's bitterness.

No young pull the teats of thy sows,
  All that bore unto blossom and fruit
Is dead in that day, and the ploughs
  Dig long graves in an earth that is mute.

Shall they bury thee then in the dark,
  Where never thy father's glad light
Shalt thou see, lying silent and stark
  Who went fain—ah, so fain of delight?

Does the blood of thy mother awake,
  Give thee dreams of old magic and spell!
Such wisdom of women men take
  In fear—dost thou fear such as well?

Does the knowledge of new birth give joy,
  As deep thou art buried alone?
Hast thou dreams that no pleasure shall cloy,
  When thou comest again to thy throne?

Yea, thou art a god and dost know
  Thou shalt rise, e'en as thou hast risen,
To the lust of the world, to the slow
  Mind of man—to the dreams these imprison.

Shepherd's Warning

By Kenneth Ashley

The April day was dull and grey,
With doubtful gleams of sun;
All morning with the glinting drops
The old barn eaves had run;
And though at noon the puddles lay
Unflecked by falling rain,
The western sky was blotted out
By troubled clouds again.
Beside the barn stood old Jack Hunt
Whose age was nigh four score;
One hand he rested on his stick,
The other held the door—
He turned his old face to the sky
As frankly as a child:
"Another shower, I doubt," he said,
And as he spoke he smiled.

God grant when that I come to be
As nigh to death as John,
That I may hold my head up too,
And bravely look upon
The darkening heavens where the clouds
In gloomy menace lower—
Nor read a grimmer portent there
Than of a clearing shower.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Tests of Love

"Nice state of affairs, that," said Heddle. "A man divorced by his wife after nine days because he wore a wig."

"He was lucky," answered Sergeant Murphy.

"How do you mean—lucky?"

"Well, if she was the kind to divorce a fellah for that, he was well rid of her. But annyhow I don't believe it. They don't get divorces in this counthry because a man's head is hard court."

"It was in the United States," explained Heddle.

"Oh, there," said the Sergeant. "That's different. In American there's nothin' too comic in the mathrimonial line to happen."

"The woman in this case," continued Heddle, "when she found that her husband was bald, threw a cream jug at him and marched out of the house."

"The chances are that she hit the bust of Al Capone, not her husband," said the Sergeant. "But I'm not surprised at her bein' a bit peevish.

"Into each life some rain must fall, Heddle, but, dammit, to find that the crinkly hair you've been fondlin' ought to nestle in a dhrawer at night is a bit thick. Worse than that, a thrue-hearted girl would realize that in the years to come, when she'd be wantin' to snatch a souvenir handful of hair from her husband's scalp, the whole conthraption would come away in her hand. It was enough to make a nightmare of her dhream of happiness."

"He ought to have told her at the start," said Heddle. "He married her under false pretences."

"Maybe you're right," said the Sergeant. "If he picked the right moment, he might have got away with it. Suppose wan fine evenin', when the nightingale and owl were singin' love melodies, the fellah suddenly unveiled his smooth cranium.

"'Darlin',' he might say, 'that's how it is with me. Do you mind?'

"And the girl might remember that Prince Charmin's

aren't to be picked off every bus, and that afther all, this fellah would never need to spend a penny in a barber's shop, and she might nestle up to him and say, 'If you can bear it, so can I.'

"On the other hand, a niece of me own wanst thought that perfect love was perfect thrust, so she decided she was goin' to let her young man know the worst as well as the best about her before the fatal words 'I will' were spoken.

"'That's why,' she told me, 'whenever he took me out to feed, I never thried to put across the notion that I was wan of them dainty, fairy creatures that nibbles a roseleaf now and then to keep up their health and strength. He wasn't to be let imagine that when we were married me food bill would be only half the canary's. So I used to ordher liberally such things as steak and onions, Lancashire hot-pot and the more vigorous brands of cheese. And I saw to it that there wasn't enough left on the plate for a wan-legged fly to stand on.

"'Did me breezy way of feedin' have anny effect on me sweetheart's passion for me?' said she. 'Did it rob our romance of the beauty and poethry that belonged to it? Did it subthract even wan particle of blue from out blissful sky?'

"'That's just what it did,' she answered herself. 'Me pie-faced feeancy began to cool off and then he disappeared. The next I heard of him he was a llhama-dhriver—whatever that is—in Peru.'

"So you see, Heddle, you can't lay down anny hard and fast rule in these things. You just take your chance.

"Wan crowd'll tell you that there shouldn't be anny secrets between a fellah and his girl, and that it's threachery on the part of the wan that marries without disclosin' all.

"That may be all right for a hero in a book, but, thank God, I'm no hero. If I was crazy about a woman, I'd never let her know anythin' about me that wasn't to me credit. She'd start off thinkin' she'd found a jewel."

"Yes," said Heddle, "but she'd be likely to learn the truth in the long run."

"In the long run," said Sergeant Murphy with a sigh, "she probably wouldn't care a tinker's dam."

America Contributes

By Horace Shipp

Strictly Dishonourable. By Preston Sturges. (Phœnix Theatre.)
Hamlet. (Haymarket Theatre.)
Shaw Season. (Court Theatre.)
City Lights. (Dominion Theatre.)

THE cry has again been raised in influential theatre circles that managers can find no worth-while drama from contemporary English dramatists. Nevertheless, the month cannot be entirely despised which has given to the West-End stage such pieces as Clifford Bax's *The Venetians*, John van Druten's *After All*, and the prisoners of war play, *Who Goes Next*. None of these may claim greatness, although Mr. Bax's piece can claim that distinction in writing which marks all his work—but at least they are a sufficient array to refute the suggestion that English work never can satisfy at once the box office and some degree of intelligence in the audience. If one compares them with the imported article, there is little cause for national shame and none for financial alarm. *Money, Money!* by the Italian Chiarelli, leader of the fascinating school of the so-called "Mask" drama which concerns itself primarily with the clash between what people essentially are and what the conventions or gullibility of society demand them to be, is the best of the goods from abroad. It has all the provocative mentality of this school of drama, and makes cynical comment upon worship of money in our time.

Against this we have a trickle of French comedies of the sort so usual that they are as indistinguishable as green-fly; and other pieces from America which are expected to shine here because they have captivated the mind and dollars of Broadway. The most flagrant example of this last is the play *Strictly Dishonourable* for which Mr. Cochran is one of the sponsors. Personally I thought it had almost all the demerits of American drama, and it evoked in me that element of righteousness which with one turn of the screw would have made me a missionary.

I frankly deplore every phase of its humour. Jokes about Prohibition either miss fire because it is not a vital issue over here save in the curious mind of Mr. Scrymgeour, or they rouse one's passion for respecting law and order.

Whatever may be thought in America, English people see that civilization depends upon accepting law or resisting it in the spirit of earnest revolt which will go to the point of martyrdom to alter the statute. The idea of universal evasion, with its concurrent bribery and corruption, is entirely repulsive to English feeling. Add to this the suggestion of police bullying and graft, the Judge who off the Bench makes himself party to this scorn of law, and you have a mixture which can only be regarded as amusing by people without a sense of basic values. It may be very Victorian, but we are not amused.

The riskiness of this piece was equally nauseating. Two awful young women who sat behind me hiccupped with shrill laughter at the scene where the *ingénue*, who was spending a night in a man's bedroom above a "speakeasy," was undressed by her seducer-to-be. The type of their mirth was sufficient condemnation; and since the censor fails to exercise his powers over this salacious stuff, it becomes merely a problem whether there are enough playgoers with that kind of mind to support this production, or whether good taste in this country can prevail. Mr. Cochran has been saying in the Press that critics are too kind; I gladly exercise my critical function in this instance by assuring him that this play was repulsive when it was not boring. It was often both.

The much vaunted acting of 18-year-old Margaret Perry also left me cold. It may have been that the whole unpleasantness of the play put me out of mood, but I honestly saw nothing in her work better than half a dozen unemployed young English actresses could have done. Tullio Carminati, the would-be seducer who was flouted by the audacity of innocence-off-the-rails, was good; and William Ricciardi acted an Italian extraordinarily well, an achievement that was a little nullified by the fact that he is, I suppose, an Italian. Why this stuff and this company should have been brought over from America passes my critical comprehension.

Meantime, that powerful and beautiful play by Eugene O'Neill, *Desire under the Elms*, is being played privately at the little Gate Theatre because it is banned by the Censor. Comment would be superfluous.

Of the really good things demanding place in a theatre

chronicle the star production of *Hamlet* stands at the fore; and the return of the Macdona Players with their Shaw repertoire at the Court Theatre must needs be included. In both cases the illness of a star has interfered with schemes. Esme Percy is so important to the Macdona Players that it is difficult to imagine the company without him; and in the Shakespeare we had all looked forward to seeing the romantic interpretation of Henry Ainley. Godfrey Tearle's cool-tempered, public school Prince gives us diction but not depth. Nevertheless, every interpretation of this greatest of Shakespearean parts, and therefore greatest of all parts, is welcome. Lovers of the theatre and of Shakespeare will welcome this opportunity of seeing the whole play in the hands of fine artists.

The truly imposing event of the theatre has been outside the legitimate stage. The new Chaplin film is deservedly drawing the town, and has revealed again what a true artist Chaplin is. There is beauty in the revelation of a mastery of technique so great as to silence criticism, and it is that mastery which Chaplin has. His humour, even when it approaches slap-stick, has its own quality of humanity. He understands so well the little prides and fears and aspirations of the average man, and his comedy is based on these. Thus grounded, it can risk sentimentality, farce, cliché. High-brow, low-brow, everybody reacts to its appeal, because he has put into it so much that is universal. The new film, except for a few minutes at the end where it seems to lose grip, is excellent stuff. It exploits the fluid artistry of the cinema to its peculiar ends, and is a deserved triumph.

Attempting to analyse Chaplin's particular genius, one realizes that it depends so much upon this quality of the truly democratic. Somewhere in each of us lies that pathetic, comic, aspiring personality. The humour comes from the clash between aspirations and mere human frailties. As a screen personality, Chaplin exaggerates these extremes and thus gets the warp and woof of his type of art, to be embroidered by his own characteristic inventiveness. These elements in *City Lights* yield the complete Chaplin. And the film has taken its immediate and deserved place at the forefront of the month's theatre.

Books

THE PURSUIT OF ENGLISH

A Mirror of English. By B. L. K. Henderson. Macdonald and Evans. 2s. 6d.

"I have never known English so slipshod as now" was the verdict of Thomas Hardy a few years before his death. Of late the printed word shows a further degeneration; ignorance, inaccuracy and clumsiness flourish unreproved; and complacent citizens talk about "the best Press in the world" and our "educated democracy" without investigating the standards they approve. If they are competent judges, they will see ample reason for the publication of this little book. Mr. Henderson's aim is to help people who wish to write better and he combines the teacher's experience with a sense of humour. Wisely he reduces grammar to a minimum, for though in days long past it took the form of "glamour," it is out of date and repute among the democrats who pretend to rule us nowadays.

The average writer can learn much from the array of sentences which call for criticism and correction. It is amusing and instructive, exposing newspapers of good repute and valued authors alike. Sporting correspondents, who attract the special attention of the reading public, are easy game for the critic, for they are no better linguists than the writers who did the "publicity business" for the gladiators at Pompeii. The commercial jargon of to-day makes a good living for many who cannot write. They do not see that they are playing on a fine instrument and producing ugly noises.

One or two things may be said regarding some of the examples exhibited for censure. In an idiom like the misplaced "only" the national good sense takes it for granted that the wrong meaning, though possible, will not be considered, the context making the right one clear enough. Who objects to this misplaced "only" when it occurs in one of the fine Collects of our Prayer Book? Again, the English desire for brevity is a good thing in itself, though it leads to possibilities of error no one takes seriously in practical life. Usage rather than grammar rules the language, but the increasing number of Celts who write with more vigour than accuracy ought not to upset the rules of "shall" and "will" plainly stated by Mr. Henderson. Our very expensive scheme of education produces such mediocre results in mature life that books like this, which agreeably gild the pill of instruction, are needed. Punctuation is a neglected art Mr. Henderson has rightly considered, for it can make authors as ridiculous as the reformer who wrote, "I will wear no clothes, to distinguish me from my Christian brethren." The list of books worth careful

reading is a good idea, but it is doubtful if the ordinary man should seek to copy deliberately any famous author. Such a man will hardly desire to live with Walter Pater, as Mr. Henderson suggests. He will ask for something simpler and less affected.

V. B.

THE COURSE OF ENGLISH CLASSICISM. By SHERARD VINES. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

MR. VINES is both witty and learned and has packed a great deal of special knowledge into his short book. It is a fine defence of classicism which at its worst and dullest means more than the lowest performance of romanticism. The difficulty is often to claim a writer for one or the other. Was Lyly classical with his elaborate Euphuisms? It takes some research to realize that his "Euphues" was an offshoot of Ascham's "Scholemaster," being dedicated, like that work, to Lord Burghley, who had been Greek lecturer at St. John's College, Cambridge. It has been doubted, however, whether Lyly's schematic prose is due to medieval Latin or not.

Mr. Vines follows painting and architecture as well as literature, noting the arrival and influence of the Elgin Marbles, and points out that English classicism had that special note of its own which we find in English Gothic. Shakespeare was a Romantic in spite of his veneer of classical studies, and Milton, a true child of the Renaissance, before he was lost in his own theology, might have made his concisely classical style into a *Gradus ad Parnassum*. But the looser elements of English won the day. One claim, we think, might be made for classicism. With Prior and afterwards, it established Horace as the model of English light verse, and the masters in this way have been generally classical scholars. To recognize the Baroque as classical is somewhat difficult, as it is to realize that Seneca and the Greek novelists, more Oriental than Greek in conception, had a greater influence than classical writers who would have proved better models. The reference to Peacock's "Four Ages of Poetry" is particularly welcome, for none of his work is so well known as it should be. At the end of Mr. Vines's survey comes Matthew Arnold, whose striking preface of 1853, reprinted for some years, might have been mentioned as a manifesto for sanity, "the great virtue of the ancient literature."

No one can foretell what the taste of future generations will be, though Mr. Vines pushes his case to extremes when he asks us to compare the solidity of Stephen Duck with the flounderings of Shelley. Jeremy Collier, who gets a passing reference as if everybody knew his outburst, did great harm to English verse and prose by promoting sentimentalism, which is rampant to-day

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and was almost unknown to Shakespeare. The doctrine of a select and universalizing art is the main classical position, but it is complicated by the peculiarities of authors and the poverty of æsthetic terms in English. Mr. Vines introduces us to several critics of importance in their day whose reputation has long since faded. Jeffrey was, perhaps, useful as a scolder of strangeness, but we refuse to believe that he really knew what poetry was. Unfortunately, all the earlier conceptions of the sublime were miserably vague.

Mr. Vines writes with great spirit and his book should be a pleasure to those who know enough to understand it.

POLITICS

DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL: A PREFACE TO AN INDUSTRIAL POLICY. By LORD EUSTACE PERCY, M.P. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

THE author, who was Minister for Education in the last Conservative Government, brings a welcome touch of idealism

to politics. He is full of sincerity and zeal, and asks for a new attitude "which might really deserve to be dignified by the name of change of heart." Sixty years since Disraeli made his Cardinal explain to Lothair that "the world is weary of statesmen whom democracy has degraded into politicians," and the remark is particularly apt to-day, when the tactics of our politicians and careerists have led to a wide rejection of all parties among the thinking part of the English people. The excuse of war nerves for flabby timidity will no longer avail, but to-day such new legislation as the country gets takes far too long to pass and becomes a compromise mainly profitable to the lawyers, who have to explain how much it means. Most politicians do not recognize that we are facing nothing less than "the collapse of what we call western civilization." It is good to find a thinker speaking out so clearly and using the evidence of history to show why a great empire declines. We are told that we must aim at a wider distribution of property rather than of mere wealth, and that "the only agency through which property can be distributed is industry." The nation has got to work harder and live more simply. That is the plain remedy, which Labour, so-called, and the trade unions steadily resist. The author sees that industry and government must be mobilized with much closer and more continuous consultation, and statistics must cease to be a confused medley gathered by various departments to justify current administration. But he is all in favour of preserving the Englishman's independence, and declares that the smallholder has weathered agricultural depression better than the large farmer. Unfortunately agricultural policy is more difficult to tackle than industrial, and the farmer has been soured by the dodging and paltering methods of successive governments.

While Lord Eustace Percy will not win approval for all his theories and conclusions—we cannot think, for instance, that the hire-purchase system has been good for the United States—his well-written book is firm in its protest against the humbug and cant of to-day, and in its belief that the Conservative Party can be the saviour of the nation. But that means a "will to sacrifice" as well as a "will to power," and since the average citizen does not read political essays, it means also a Press which is something more than "an instrument for carefully misleading the people," to use Dean Inge's forcible phrase. Propaganda of an honest and sensible sort is necessary for the changes to which this book looks forward. How are we going to get it, when the papers indulge in idle optimism and the saints cross the frontier between spiritual and political duties "with disastrous results"? The present administration has been particularly disastrous in its attempts at foreign and Imperial policy. What the Empire needs

is "the British tradition of a strong and independent executive."

One thing is certain: Parliament, however venerable and irreplaceable, will, if it does not reform its methods, lose all the confidence and regard of the English people. The sooner politicians realize that, the better for them and everybody else.

TORTURED CHINA. By HALLETT ABEND. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

MR. ABEND, for four years correspondent of the *New York Times* in China, is one of six American journalists who recently incurred the displeasure of the Nanking Government, and so was compelled to leave the country. The trouble arose from his outspoken criticism of the Central Executive Committee of the Nationalist party and his exposure of the parlous condition of affairs which the Kuomintang's official propaganda is at pains to conceal. His book, published after his return to America, is intended to serve as a corrective to the deliberately misleading "news service" and "official deceptions" of the International Propaganda Bureau, organised by the Nanking Government last year. In one of his most interesting chapters the author describes the unscrupulous methods of *suggestio falsi* and *suppressio veri* which the Kuomintang authorities have persistently employed to deceive the outside world.

His account of the pitiful conditions to which the peasantry and traders have been reduced by two decades of tyrannous misrule constitutes a powerful indictment of the Kuomintang and of the misguided sentimentalism which has deluded public opinion in England and America. He dedicates his book to "The People of China, inarticulate victims of the world's neglect," and because he believes that they are now "powerless to check the destructive processes which are bringing about the ruin of their country, and coincidentally are creating a serious menace to the peace and well-being of the whole of mankind," he holds that the only remedy for their misfortunes lies in some form of benevolent intervention by the Powers signatory to the Washington Conference agreements or those of the Kellogg Peace Treaties. It may be observed that Mr. Abend's work corroborates at all points, and fully justifies, the opinions THE ENGLISH REVIEW has consistently expressed on China for some years past.

FICTION

TOBIT TRANSPLANTED. By STELLA BENSON. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THE author of this book, which has been chosen by the Book Society for its readers, has already abundantly arrived. She has her own individual point of view and a style of marked distinction which appears alike in her fairy stories and her books

of travel. "Tobit Transplanted" shows a delightful maturity, adding here and there to the acute touches of the realist a commentary which goes deep into life.

The title refers to the Book of Tobit, which is printed in full at the end. Tobit was a pious exile who buried his brethren and went blind. He sent his son Tobias on a journey to recover some money and incidentally to gain a wife who had been fatal to several husbands. These details are more or less used for the White Russian exiles of this story. They live in a mixed region of Manchuria which includes Chinese, Japanese and Manchus, and though they have little to boast of, goodness, how they talk! They dramatize themselves, full of boasting, fits of conscience and futile activity, and the book makes the most of this temperamental display. Besides, there is the humorous figure of a Chinese member of the English bar with a Wesleyan training, whose unabashed verbosity is a joy. Slyly enough, the author gives him the place of the Angel who accompanied Tobias. The subtlety of her writing is specially lavished on the reserved and dangerous girl who cannot appreciate men:

> I think that a remark of hers, though dressed in the trappings of the ordinary convenient comment, was often like a fairy coming into a room full of flesh-and-blood men and women. There was the fairy—in no way different from themselves—walking—moving like themselves—yet somehow accompanied by cold airs, aloof, terrifying, humiliating.

THE SHORN LAMB. By W. J. LOCKE. Lane. 7s. 6d.

THIS posthumous novel dealing with figures of to-day has little relation to life, but it has the charm of the writer's easy accomplishment, at its best in touches of sentiment over a good dinner or a wandering Bohemian. The hero, a reckless and healthy gentleman of the free and easy sort, returns beggared from America. He appeals to a twin brother, who is his opposite in character, a pedantic scholar, rich, cautious, and hampered with heart disease. The careful twin gets agitated and his heart gives out. The other then impersonates him, a reckless move which leads to some unexpected difficulties. The resulting depression is modified by his discovery of a poor conjurer he knew in America, a vagabond of the sort well known to the author's readers. There is a touch of originality about the end, and the scenery is lightly but effectively sketched, as was Mr. Locke's way.

TUMULT IN THE NORTH. By GEORGE R. PREEDY. Lane. 7s. 6d.

Two horsemen meeting unexpectedly form an old beginning of romance; but the recipe is none the worse for having been well

used. This story, which deals with the rising of the '15, attractive in its hopeless loyalty, has the additional advantage of a beautiful setting in the Lake country. There is not much fighting and the main interest belongs to the fortunes of two brothers and two sisters, whose entanglements in love influence their lives with painful intensity. When one brother is evidently waning, the other takes the front as the hero and has all the advantages attached to the wicked rake who is a pretty man and has a way with women.

The story is well conceived and ingeniously worked out to a good climax. But the author runs the risk of cloying readers by insisting on beauty, both of persons and scenery. Derwentwater flaming with the reflection of a sunset, a sky in tune with the human emotions displayed beneath it, a "gold-stained rack" encircling the moon—these things are overdone. The romancers of the past whose heroines appear to us most securely beautiful make no catalogue of their charms.

WORLD WITHOUT END. By HELEN THOMAS. Heinemann. 6s.

MRS. THOMAS, in this continuation of that story of her life with Edward Thomas which she began in her earlier volume, "As It Was," has written a very beautiful book. One finds it difficult to put a finger upon the exact quality which makes this simple story

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of what, when all is said, was a simple life and relationship so significant. Perhaps it is the deep sincerity and the frankness of the record of her love for her husband. One can also point to the tremendous appreciation of nature which they shared, and for which their restless moving from house to house in the Weald country of southern England gave such opportunities. There are some lovely passages along this line of nature love, so that the book becomes a lyric of English country life, as well as a love song in prose. The final chapter, recording her farewell to her husband when he left for France in 1917 is one of the most poignant pieces of writing we remember. Altogether "World Without End" is a volume to possess and to treasure. Not the least charm of it is that it sends us back to Edward Thomas's own fine poetry.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIR

THE LIFE OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN, 1837–1913. By JOHN KENNEDY WINKLER. Knopf. 15s.

IN earlier days the legend, "You have leave to walk the earth, J. P. Morgan," was current in London. One cannot help being interested in such power. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Winkler is so determined to be picturesque; even death, when the millionaire meets it, is the "magnificent dark." Rival financiers remain silent and cowed when Morgan has spoken his curt word with eyes "awful in anger," but there are still people in the world who would not be impressed by any amount of money and value a man by other standards. Mr. Winkler admits that Morgan "did things that to-day could not be defended in law or morals." He did not start as an errand-boy; he despised ordinary people and democracy. His father was a rich and well established financier, and when he studied at Göttingen, the Professor of Mathematics thought well enough of his powers to see him in the future succeeding to the chair. Doubtful in health for a while, he lived to be a glutton for work and to kill several of his partners by his demands on them.

Twice, under Cleveland in 1895 and Roosevelt in 1907, he saved a national crisis, his help after considerable reluctance being recognized as the only way out of the difficulties. It was Roosevelt, however, who first gave him a serious set-back by attacking one of his big mergers. His conflict with Harriman, largely due to wanton vanity, bankrupted thousands. He disliked Carnegie, whom he had to buy out. Altogether, he showed more dignity and a better sense of respectability than some of his rich rivals. The power such a man has to dictate decisions

which set the whole world buzzing and gambling is rather disturbing, and another Morgan is, we learn, not possible to-day.

He had strong family feelings and took a most generous interest in women and the Episcopal Church. His favourite rector and Judge Gary, a steadily honest business associate, seem to have been main influences in his life. A "cheque-book" collector he could ask, "Who is Vermeer?" but his son sold his art treasures, a lapse put down to the pressure of death duties. After all, the great man only left some 68 millions of dollars.

The best story of him is his resolute "flagging" of a train for a bishop. Mr. Kipling's millionaire in "The Day's Work" found this proceeding difficult and vexatious. But that was in England, where it is not supposed that very rich men are above the law.

CHOW-CHOW. By LADY FALKLAND. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by PROF. H. G. RAWLINSON. Scholartis Press. 21s.

THE title means "odds and ends" and the book, a reprint from 1857, gives the travel notes of the wife of a Viceroy of India who went out thither in 1848. After leaving India visits followed to Egypt and the Holy Land. Lady Falkland was the youngest child of the famous actress Mrs. Jordan and evidently inherited her mother's vivacity. Women's dresses, scenery, botany with Latin names, old customs and legends with extracts from previous travellers—she puts everything down with unabated zeal. She can quote the Bible effectively in the Holy Land and make a journey of eleven successive days on horseback. Perhaps this exertion made her disappointed with Damascus. She could not discover in the Sphinx the "bland repose and immutable serenity of countenance" of which she had heard so much, though she examined the head closely enough to make a sketch both in full face and profile. She saw the first railroad opened in India and noted how different was its setting from that which took her to Southampton *en route* to India.

> Here and there a religious mendicant standing with his eyes wide open, staring at the puffing, blowing engine, thinking it might be another avatar of Krishna! A bullock gharee creeping on at about two miles an hour! Or a bridal party on foot, the bride walking behind the bridegroom, the progress of the procession being momentarily arrested by the sight.

The whole book is rich in detail worth preserving and well written. It deserved the editing by Prof. Rawlinson, also an Index, which has been forgotten.

A CHILDHOOD. By HANS CAROSSA. Secker. 6s.

THIS book is, we are told, already a classic in Germany. We are not surprised, for the author is master of a beautiful simplicity.

Explaining and extenuating nothing, he revives for us the wonders of childhood, the happy beliefs which have not yielded yet to the harsh realities of life. Brought up in Bavaria, with a wise doctor as his father, and an equally wise mother, he did not lose so early as the severely regimented child the spirit of enterprise, and he actually had a great-uncle who was a professional magician. His feeling for animals is unusual, and often he evaded destroying the garden pests his mother regarded as drawbacks to flowers. He seems not to have possessed to the normal extent the destructive tendencies which make children a nuisance. His relations with Eva, a striking girl in his father's care, are delightful, and he made the most of that stage in earliest life when everything seems unique and eternal and " the unfathomable recurrence of forms " is not realized.

We learn with pleasure that a sequel, " Metamorphoses of Youth," is soon to be available in English.

THE BEST OF ENGLAND

THE ENGLISH SCENE : THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND IN THE MONUMENTS OF HER SOCIAL LIFE AND INDUSTRIAL HISTORY. With 31 illustrations. Black. 7s. 6d.

THE author of this charming book, who adds seven more chapters to five which appeared in *The Times*, remains anonymous, but he is evidently a wise and warm appreciator of the attractions which England still offers in its quiet antiquity, comely buildings whose use has gone by, watermills and turnpikes, noble tithe-barns, and sundials put up before people had to be tricked into using more daylight by changing the clocks. The first picture of a windmill and sheep on the South Downs is typical of the good things in store for the reader, and the writer's difficulty must have been to select, where much is available. Older readers who know England will be lured to further memories. The chapter on " Telling the time " reminds us of an old gardener who, before watches became common, used to put up a stick to make his own rough sundial. We have seen a turnpike still in force on a great road to the North. The " Whipping-Post and Stocks " pictured recall a cruel time when, as the author remarks, " surgeons worked on their patients without anæsthetics." The pillory disappeared with the advent of Queen Victoria, but the stocks, it appears, were used at Rugby as late as 1865. Obsolete canals are delightful places to walk by. The military one between Hythe and Rye is particularly pleasant for the flower-lover. The Basingstoke Canal offers long stretches of solitary water, but when the author remarks that it has had no " utilitarian destiny," we seem to remember that it put money not so long ago into the

pockets of a once famous and now discredited financier. The oast-houses of Kent are picturesque and still in use, and the hop-pickers who swarm thither are, if not clean, at least cheerful. To-day gaiety grows less. Hazlitt's "Merry England," which had its crudities, is sadly decayed, but readers can see from the choice prose and illustrations of this book what humble monuments of an older time can be observed—and, we hope, preserved.

FLY FISHING. By VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON. With wood engravings by ERIC FITCH DALGLISH. 10s. 6d.

VISCOUNT GREY is well known for his love of the countryside and his writing has that charm of the open air which belongs to Walton's "Compleat Angler." This book, which goes back to schoolboy fishing on the Winchester river, needs no commendation to-day, but the latest edition appears with attractive illustrations by Mr. Dalglish and two new chapters of reminiscence. Viscount Grey's loss of sight has now debarred him from the dry fly fishing he once enjoyed.

Looking back on his work, he recognizes, quite rightly, that it is a "happy book." The best of his trout fishing was over in 1898, but a good time was still to come with salmon on the Cassley, which flows beneath Ben More in Sutherland. In ten days he hooked sixty salmon and landed fifty, though the cares of the Foreign Office were always threatening. He ends with the reflection that, though much has been altered and spoilt, the beauty of chalk-strewn valleys "still remains wonderful." Memory recalls a separate world of enjoyment in which the angler lays aside the busy cares of civilization.

POETRY AND DRAMA

O WORLD INVISIBLE: AN ANTHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS POETRY. Compiled by EDWARD THOMPSON. Benn. 6s.

"THIS collection is made on the principle that poetry written with a congregational or communal purpose should be kept for that end . . . and is too busy and prying, too aware of others, to support juxtaposition with the really religious poetry." Such a verdict makes exclusions which would be difficult to justify, and we notice that Mr. Thompson has chosen several of the Psalms, some of which at least were clearly designed for communal singing and have been so used for centuries. The war, however, has reduced the claims of dogma, and this book illustrates not argument about God or justification of religion so much as communion with the divine reached "at sundry times and in divers manners." Thus we find the stoicism alike of Marcus Aurelius and of Emily Brontë, the mysticism of Jallalu-d-din

and Evelyn Underhill, and the simplicity of "Abide with me" beside the elaborate imagery of Donne. Mysticism, which has made marked advance during the present century, holds the chief place, and as pre-Christian thoughts and aspirations are admitted, the collection might be much larger than it is, taking from the poetry of ancient Greece, for instance, as well as the Sufis of the East. But the 117 selections are sufficient to show the collector's fine taste and discernment. He includes pieces by Whittier and Lanier, and the latter is a real poet at his best, though little known in this country.

He has put both authors' names and notes at the end, an arrangement the ordinary reader will hardly approve of, though it was followed by Bridges in his war anthology, "The Spirit of Man." The notes are brief, but always interesting. Blackmore's "Dominus Illuminatio mea," long printed without his name, is said to have come to him in a dream. He saw again the funeral of an old friend, and "when he awoke remembered the hymn that the mourners sang—this one."

MINOR POETS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Edited, with an Introduction, by HUGH I'ANSEN FAUSSET. Dent. 2s.

THIS book shows the range and enterprise of the "Everyman" series. Mr. Fausset's well-written Introduction points out that the attitude of critics in the eighteenth century has changed. They now lay less stress on the arbitrary sense of balance and the conventional diction than on the beginning of Romance, the liberation of feelings and sensations which were to transform English poetry. He protests against such a phrase as the "tyranny of Pope," but it is a fact that the best-seller in verse at the end of the century was founded on the Popian model. Among the poets chosen Parnell and John Dyer seem to us weaker than the rest. Green on "The Spleen" has a delightful brightness; Lady Winchilsea has at her best grace and charm; and Collins, as Mr. Fausset admits, is not a minor poet at all, when he is most inspired. His "Ode to Evening" is bound to appear in all competent selections of English poetry.

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS. By A. P. HERBERT. Illustrated by G. L. STAMPA. Benn. 6s.

MR. HERBERT has by this time made a reputation as a humorist and many readers will be glad to enjoy again the fluency and point of verses which have appeared in *Punch*. As a social critic, he deals effectively with the young persons of to-day, their critics,

and the world-improvers who will interfere with any sort of fun. He sings the praises of the latest girl :—

> Well, there she goes, my modern dear—
> Is there no grace, old lady, here?
> So quick and neat, those feathered feet,
> They walk the wind and not the street.

But he can also complain of the over-use of powder and suggest caution about too rapid romance :—

> It isn't enough to be rather hot stuff
> By the light of the silvery moon;
> Any fool can excite on a Saturday night,
> But what about Monday at noon?

"Pharmacy Week" and "The Vitamins" are both good chaff and we like the philosophy of the old ladies in rusty black whom Mr. Stampa pictures so aptly.

A little prose "Lecture to a Serious Poet" at the end tells him that he will have to work and "be a little less modern and sprawly and careless" and not write the sort of stuff which is considered good enough to be set in the jazz way. Mr. Herbert himself claims the fruits of "care, conscience and industry" in his light verses. It is perhaps an ungracious task for a man to declare that he is an artist; but he is quite right. Surely he has not lacked recognition from critics. We do not know the funny stuff of the latter-day serious bards to which he alludes and are quite ready to believe that it lacks the sense of form which the masters of humour have left as a standard. Our English school of light verse was founded, as we note elsewhere, on Horace, who flirted in the chains of a strict metre with no less grace than when he was celebrating a patriot in serious mood.

A History of Early Nineteenth Century Drama. By Allardyce Nicholl. Cambridge University Press. Two Volumes. 30s.

With these two volumes Professor Nicholl has carried his detailed study of the history of English drama up to the middle of the 19th century. The name of the author and his reputation from previous volumes assure us that here we have an absolutely authoritative work. He deals with the organization of the theatre and the types of its audience, with the dramatic conditions of the age, and with what he calls the illegitimate and legitimate drama. In this last matter some will be inclined to question his categories.

If we have a complaint to make, it is that the research type of mind of the author and his profound erudition carry the work to the borderland of the dryasdust. The second volume, running to more than three hundred pages, consists entirely of a hand-list of plays produced between 1800 and 1850—a master-

piece of research, but smacking rather of Teutonic universities than of our more human English methods. Nevertheless, for the student of drama these books are invaluable.

HISTORY

ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Vol. II, 1806–10. By A. F. FREMANTLE. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

MR. FREMANTLE'S history makes excellent reading, for he brightens his pages by his judicious choice of vivid sayings and little details, so that his wide command of sources, shown in the bibliography at the end, is well used. He includes in his first chapter literary, artistic and scientific progress, and this addition to the usual story is very welcome. We find a tribute to Porson, the worst-paid of Regius Professors and the greatest Greek scholar this country has produced, as well as the orthodox Paley, so long imposed on reluctant undergraduates at Cambridge. Due attention is paid to the Edinburgh galaxy of leading men, to one of whom the Harrovian Palmerston ascribed "the most valuable part of his mental training." The *Edinburgh Review* was independent, compared with other critical publications of the day, but it should now be admitted that Jeffrey was not a judge of poetry, though, like Brougham, he was ready to tackle anything. Campbell's fame as a poet is sadly decayed, and we suppose his part in founding London University is reserved for later mention. Cobbett, the most powerful pen of the time in influence, owed nothing to academic advantages.

The rest of the volume is, for the most part, devoted to India, the war in Spain, and home politics, in which Perceval made a better show that might have been expected from his talents. He had, however, a more accommodating temper than his superiors in intellect. The comments on Wellington and Sir John Moore are of particular interest. The scandals of bribery and corruption were bursting out at intervals, while politicians fettered our forces abroad by giving advice, when they should have arranged to pay them:—

> To the shame of England many debts on account of Moore's army were still unpaid in 1810, and he and Wellesley and Chatham had all been held up in the course of their campaigns by want of specie.

It is pleasant to turn from muddling incompetence to the final chapter on "Social England." Mr. Fremantle shows the dominance of lawyers in Scotland and the casual ways of the Church of England. It is characteristic of his zeal for detail that here he can refer to Gunning's Cambridge reminiscences, a book

long since out of print. He announces, we notice, the " inexorable law by which advance in civilization means a decline in natural gaiety." We are asked to accept in compensation " a growing regard for the decencies of life." What we find at present is a general standard of pleasure and public assistance which the country cannot afford. Politicians have a very serious responsibility for this indulgence.

NAPOLEON. By J. HOLLAND ROSE. Benn. 6d.

THIS is an excellent specimen of the now familiar " Sixpenny Library." To reduce the story of a career like Napoleon's to 70 pages is a difficult feat, but the author has performed it with the skill of an expert. He has to make little of the doubtful fortunes of the young soldier before his ability was known, but he supplies a lucid account, supported by Burke, of the reasons which made anti-revolutionary effort popular. Josephine inspired Napoleon to great things in his Italian campaign, but later her frivolous infidelity brought out the hard side of him. Underrating national feelings, he found a serious set-back in Spain. His plans, sound on the battlefield, were not justified in naval affairs and he was hampered by the inefficient brothers he promoted. " Excess of confidence," writes Dr. Rose, lost Waterloo. The divorce from Josephine was helped by a slight technical defect, " which Napoleon had carefully arranged for in their religious marriage of 1804."

The writings of St. Helena are obviously embellished. The Bibliography, which is an important feature of these booklets, give some warnings about other records. We may set aside as antiquated books written before the appearance of Napoleon's correspondence, and we should distrust books which do not give references to their sources, as these " vary very greatly in trustworthiness."

GENERAL

THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR 1930. Edited by JAMES D. STEWART. The Publishers' Circular. 15s.

WE are glad to have once again this guide to the year's books; it is full of interesting detail and maintains an excellent level of accuracy. In 1930 over 15,000 books were issued, which was well over 1,000 more than in 1929. We may be glad that profound economic depression has not been able to effect such an extensive range of publication and presumably

of corresponding sales. But quality is more than quantity. The advance in Fiction (198) is not necessarily pleasing, but the increase of Translations shows a demand for foreign books which should reduce the British insularity. The total of 1,074 reached by Religion is remarkable and above that of Sociology, in spite of 243 pamphlets in that line. The publications of Mr. Edgar Wallace equal in number those listed under the comprehensive title "Bible." The War Office seems to have been busy, for like Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, it occupies more than the half a page which shows the interest of the Meteorological Office in the weather. Science is 100 up on last year, and has now reached the position of popular reading.

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT BRIDGE IN 1931. By MADELEINE KERWIN. Knopf. 3s. 6d.

THE author of this little treatise, Miss Madeleine Kerwin, is well-known as an exponent of Bridge wherever the game is played. Here she sets out in clear and precise terms the principles of the so-called "Forcing Bid" system, which is perhaps the most popular convention of Contract at the moment, together with explanatory examples and other useful hints. Contract Bridge has two demerits—heavy premiums against poor card holders, however intelligent; and multiplication of expert codes of bidding. Those who make a business of the game are compelled to adopt such conventions, and those who play for pleasure will be well advised to make acquaintance with the latest developments.

Miss Kerwin's chief merit is a business-like brevity, and she rightly insists on the "Forcing Bid" as the most flexible, albeit venturesome, method of finding out the combined strength of hands in partnership. Her short manual of easy, practical instruction should prove useful to all students of Contract and converts from Auction.

The Spring Number of "The Book Window" (W. H. Smith, 3d.) is vivacious and well varied. News of Miss Rose Macaulay leads on to an account of the House of John Murray and authors who have collaborated. The pages devoted to French and German "Best-sellers" are a good idea.